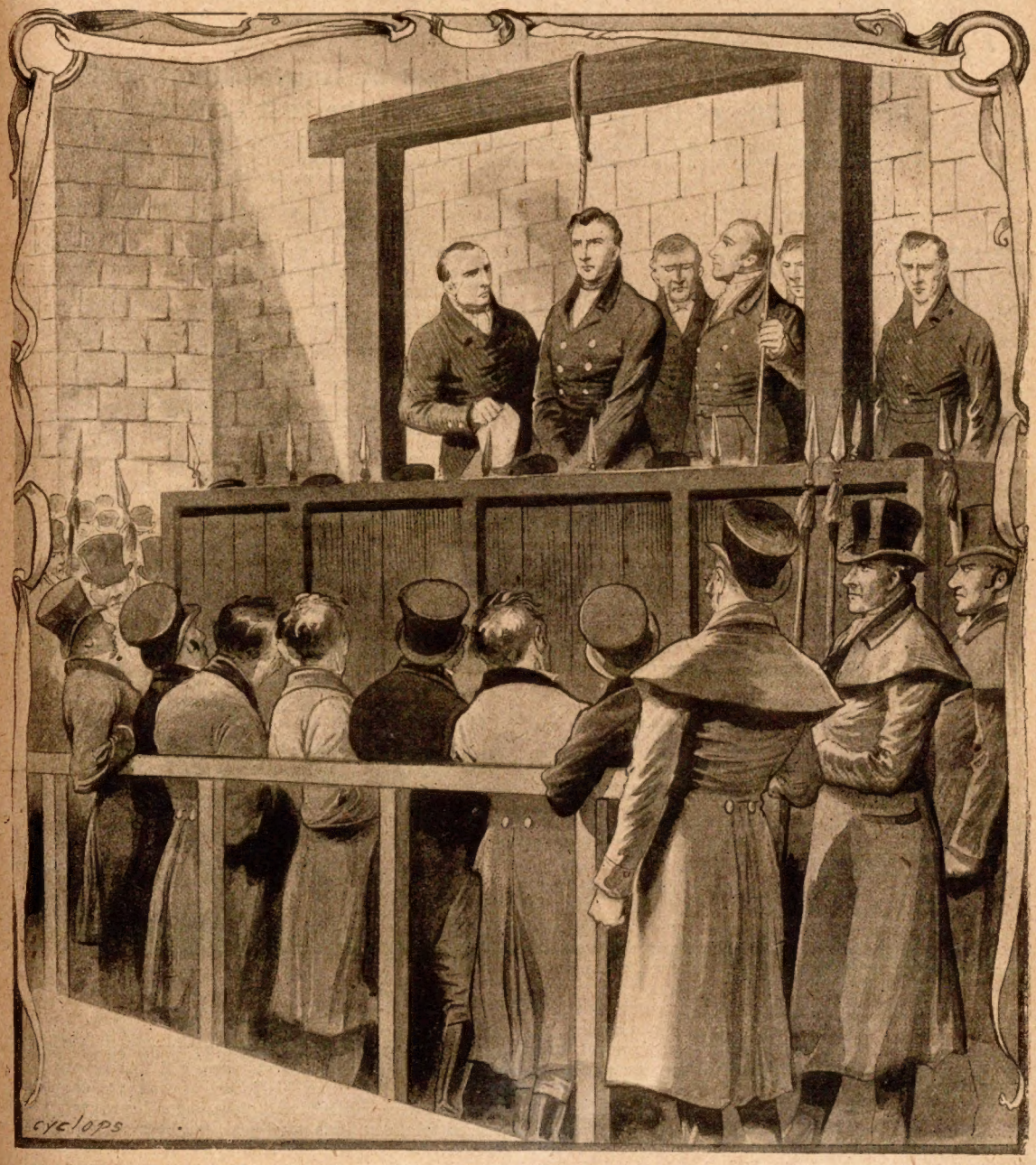
POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION

EDITED · BY HAROLD · FURNISS

FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

ONE · PENNY



THE EXECUTION OF THURTELL.

Vol. VI.—No. 75.

THE TRUE and TRAGIC TALE of THURTELL

The Brual Murder of Mr. Weare in 1823 by Thurtell, Hunt, and Probrt: One of the Causes-Celèbres of the Last Century.

"Murder is the Usurpation of the Power of God. To take the life of man—or woman—is to wilfully destroy His divine handiwork."

—THIBAULT, "The Moods of Man."

PART IV.

THURTEL maintained the same firmness to the en of the sentence, and displayed less emoti than anyone in court. Hunt looked the pure of dejection. When the judge had ncluded, Thurtell talked for a few moms to some persons in the court, and then both prisonersuitted the dock with the gaoler and his officers. In a arter of an hour the post-carriage, intended to convey e convicted men back to Hertford Prison, was drawn ito the iron gates. While awaiting its arrival neither uttid a word. The moment everything was ready the prisers walked rapidly to the vehicle, and jumped in. It waearly dark, so that the immense multitude assembled twitness their departure were scarcely able to get a glim of their persons, added to which the post-boy drove witgreat rapidity. On their arrival at the gaol they were conicted again to the kitchen, where their irons were again t on. While there Bishop, the Bow Street officer, and gentleman friend of the Governor of the gaol, happen to be present. The persons of the prisoners were th searched, and during this process Thurtell took outis snuffbox, which was empty, and, wiping round the side with his finger, extracted the last grain. He then rned to the officer, and said, "Bishop, can't you give me pinch?" Bishop replied that he was not a snuff taker; pon which the other gentleman present, addressing the cvict in terms of great politeness, pulled out a box, and sa, "Sir, I fortunately have some, and it is at your service He then emptied his box into that of Thurtell, who exressed his thanks in strong terms, exclaiming, "A frid in need is a friend indeed," taking at the same time a arty pinch. Before taken to his cell he begged to shakands with Bishop for the last time, and the officer comid readily enough. He was then removed, two pons being deputed to remain with him until the last dri scene of all. Hunt scarcely uttered a word; he submd to be searched in silence, and heaved several heavy ss. Like Thurtell, he was removed into a condemned c and was attended by two persons in a similar manner.He was informed that Mr. Harmer, his solicitor, had soff to town, in order that he might draw up a memorial the Crown in his favour as quickly as possible.

Thurtell's c was large, spacious, and airy, lighted by a lamp and a adle, and warmed by a comfortable fire. He was provid with some tea and bread and butter, and some religious umes were likewise placed in his cell. The chaplain was th introduced, and for the first time Thurtell's fortitude gave way, and, bursting into tears, he manifested the warmest and most agitated sense of his deplorable condition. The clergyman expressed the gratification he felt at these signs of softening and contrition, and Thurtell declared that his repentance was sincere, that he forgave the world, and implored the merciful pardon of the Most High. I may add here that this was the nearest approach he ever made to an actual confession of his guilt;

The post-boy drove with great rapidity.

he could never be prevailed upon to say more than that he admitted the justice of his sentence, and that he was perfectly satisfied. After his interview with the chaplain, handcuffs were produced and placed upon his wrists. This seemed to affect him a good deal, but he made no remonstrance, and the humility and submission his demeanour now displayed was a great contrast to that which had animated him up to that time. At length he threw himself on

the bed in his clothes, and after one of his attendants had thrown a rug over him he dropped into a sound sleep, and only awoke once or twice during the night. Once he exclaimed to one of the watchers, "William, are you there?" On receiving an answer in the affirmative he said, "That's right!" and, turning round, again slept most profoundly.

He rose at seven o'clock, and took a seat by the fire, which had been kept in throughout the night. He commenced to read a volume of religious exercises, but soon put it down, and mused silently for a few moments. At the half-hour Mr. Wilson entered the room, and, finding the prisoner up, asked him how he was. Thurtell replied, "Very well, Mr. Wilson; never better in health," and added, with a sigh, "By this time to-morrow it will be all right and all over." He contrived to eat some breakfast, and was then informed that he would be expected to attend service in the chapel. On again alluding to the time of execution, Mr. Wilson intimated that it would not be so soon as he expected, on which he expressed his regret, and said, "The sooner the better, for I have taken my leave of him, and to this reasonable request no objection was taken. The chaplain hailed the circumstance as an additional proof that Thurtell had discarded from his mind every feeling of hostility towards the partner of his guilt. Mr. Wilson's son then took the place of the Governor, and remained with the prisoner for an hour, after which Hunt was brought to the cell, being received by Thurtell with every manifestation of reconciliation and goodwill. He seized his associate's hand, and said, "Joe, the past is forgotten. I stand on the brink of eternity, and we meet now only as friends. It may be your fate to lose your life as ignominiously as myself; but I sincerely hope the Royal mercy will be extended to you, and that you will live to repent of your past errors, and make some atonement for the injuries which you may have done to me or others. Although you have been my enemy I freely forgive you." Hunt, who had entered the room with the most lively feelings of apprehension, was relieved by this generous address, and, squeezing Thurtell's hand most vehemently, he burst into tears. He then sat down by the fire, and Thurtell and

"WILLIAM, ARE YOU THERE?"

this world; as my doom is fixed, the sooner I suffer the better." Mr. Wilson and every member of his family betrayed a strong feeling of regret for the man, for, although a murderer, he seemed to possess some qualities which command esteem and respect. At half-past eight all the prisoners in the gaol were ordered to the chapel, and soon after nine the Rev. Mr. Franklin arrived. The service was a most impressive one, the text for the sermon being the tenth verse of the Second Book of Corinthians, and during its progress Thurtell evinced great emotion. Hunt, too, was much affected, and his head dropped upon the front of the pew, his whole attitude displaying the extremity of dejection.

And now arrived John Thurtell's last night on earth. The chaplain returned to his room, after a short absence, bringing with him a few oranges, of which fruit the condemned man was particularly fond, and, after some religious discourse, found him to be thoroughly resigned to his impending fate. When the reverend gentleman was about to depart at ten o'clock, Thurtell suddenly made a request that Hunt might be allowed to pass the night with he continued to pray and to read the admirable works which were before them until one o'clock. Soon after Thurtell showed symptoms of fatigue, and, laying himself on the bed, uttered a fervent prayer to the Almighty for strength to meet his approaching doom with the firmness of a man and the resignation of a Christian. Almost as soon as he had composed himself to rest he fell asleep. Hunt sat reading by the fire for awhile, but soon began to doze, and at length fell asleep in his chair. Leaving them to what each believed to be his last sleep before dissolution, I may make mention of a few incidental circumstances concerning the conduct of Thurtell, who must certainly be regarded as one of the most interesting criminals that ever lived.

When Mr. Wilson, junior, took his leave of him, Thurtell turned to him, and, patting him encouragingly on the shoulder, said in a cheering tone, "Come, come, don't cry, don't grieve! We shall meet again—we shall meet in heaven." He also alluded to Probert, and remarked, "I forgive him from the bottom of my heart, and I hope he will live to repent of his past sins. But, notwithstand-

ing the awful situation in which I am placed, were I to be offered life for one hundred years and twenty thousand pounds, I would rather die, as I am about to do, than live

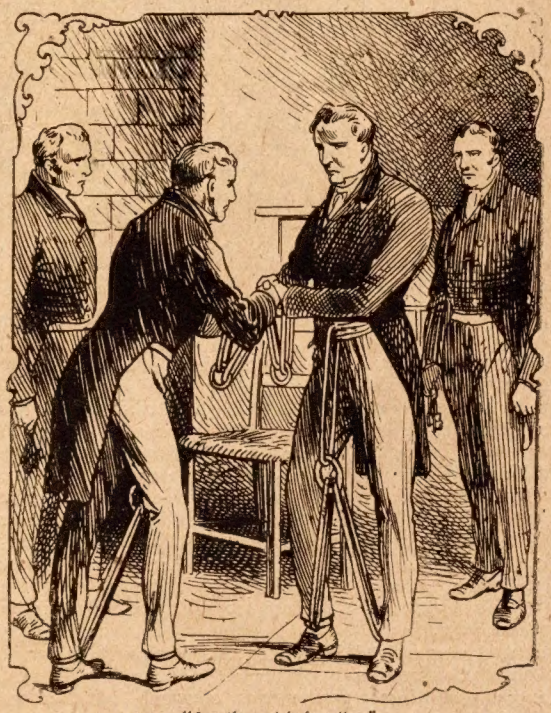
Thurtell in condemned cell.

degraded and disgraced like him; a vagabond walking about the streets, pointed at by the finger of scorn. He has always been a wicked man, but my sincere hope is that he may take warning and turn from his evil ways."

How much of all this rather belated piety on the part of this remarkable culprit was really genuine it is impossible to conjecture. His manliness and pluck had always evoked admiration, and he probably did experience some real pangs of shame when he contemplated his cowardly crime and all its consequences; but if Hunt's subsequent revelations are to be believed, he several times mildly admonished the latter for having announced where the body of Weare could be found, and attributed their downfall to his disclosures. One of his last requests, too, I have heard, was to be told of the result of a great prize-fight, in which Tom Spring was engaged, which seems to show that his was a case of the ruling passion being strong in death. He could not, with all his protestations of penitence, wean his mind away from things that were altogether of the earth, earthy. His meeting with his brother Thomas was extremely affecting, and the latter, clinging to and embracing the condemned man, had at length to be removed by force.

On the morning of his execution, Thurtell took toast and tea for his breakfast—the date was January 9, 1824—and then entered into a long, spirited conversation with the Rev. Mr. Franklin, to whom he said that he had written on the previous day to his father, and was now done with all worldly things. After breakfast, he wrote two more letters—one to his brother Thomas, and the other to his solicitor, Mr. Fenton, of Austin Friars. He never ceased to lament the shame and disgrace he had brought upon his family, and remarked that, of his mother's two favourite sons, "one had been drowned and the other is now about to be hanged." It is almost universally believed that John Thurtell was hanged on a scaffold designed after some contrivance of his own. Let me be the one to, once and for all, correct this popular error. The machine on which he suffered was constructed under the direction of Mr. Nicholson, the Under-Sheriff of Hertford, and was actually commenced before the day appointed for the trial. Is it feasible that Thurtell would have designed his own gallows before a verdict even was recorded against him? Is it at all likely that the authorities would have availed themselves of a gallows designed by one who could have had no experience of these engines of death? The thing is absurd on the face of it. As a matter of fact, the drop was ingeniously suited to the purpose for which it was intended, and was calculated to terminate the existence of the unhappy culprit in the shortest possible period. There was a temporary platform, with a falling leaf, supported by bolts, and upon this the prisoner was to be placed. The bolts of the drop were fixed in such a manner as to be removed in an instant, and above the platform was a cross-beam, to which the fatal cord was to be affixed. The whole was solidly and compactly made, and capable of being taken to pieces and removed in a very short time. The enclosure consisted of boards, seven feet in height, and dovetailed into each other, so as to close every crevice. The extent of the space thus embraced was about thirty feet in length, and fifteen feet in width. The platform was approached by a short flight of steps, which led directly from the door of the prison. The boards and all the other machinery, being painted black, presented an appearance of funereal gloom.

At eight o'clock in the morning the whole was completed, and the workmen retired. Soon after this it was suggested to the Under-Sheriff that a place should be railed off for the accommodation of the representatives of the Press, and, by his directions, in a very short time the enclosure was completely surrounded by strong posts and rails, fixed at a distance of about three yards, within which the gentlemen in question, the officers of the Sheriff, Ruthven, Bishop, and Upson, were stationed, and were thus completely protected from the pressure of the public. Even on the day previous to the execution, Hertford presented a scene of excitement unprecedented in its history. Persons of all ranks were seen driving into the town in all direc-



"Joe, the past is forgotten."

tions, evidently brought by the desire of being present at the last of this extraordinary life-drama and influenced no doubt by an expectation that some extraordinary re-

velations would be made by Thurtell in his dying moments. Many hundreds came from Worcester, the scene of the recent pugilistic encounter between Spring and Langan for the Championship of England, and among these were many sporting friends and acquaintances of the man who was "to die in his shoes." Many persons were pointed out as having come actually from Edinburgh, Glasgow, and parts of Ireland—great undertakings in those days—and a vast number were unable to obtain beds at any price. In this state of things the public-houses remained open throughout the night, and heavy drinking was indulged in, though no scenes of disorder occurred, not even the most ruffianly of the concourse being willing to risk missing the spectacle of the morrow.

At daybreak a crowd began to assemble in front of the gaol, taking their stations on every elevated spot which promised a good view of the execution. At ten o'clock all the roads leading to Hertford—especially those from London, St. Albans, and Cambridge—were thronged with

ALL UPON IT WERE HURLED TO THE GROUND.

travellers. The medley multitude thus assembled extended in a dense body for about a furlong on the London side of the gaol, and for about the same distance on the Hertford side. Beyond this compact mass of human beings, the crowd, less closely packed, extended on the one side to a small bridge which then crossed a rivulet and on the other up to the Blue Coat School. The road between the prison and the opposite hedge was about twenty-five yards in width. This was soon completely choked up with spectators; the hedges and the fields beyond were also thickly thronged by the anxious multitude. Immediately facing the scaffold, in a field, stood a large barn, and the roof of this was speedily covered by men and boys; but the frail structure soon collapsed, and all upon it were hurled to the earth. Prompt assistance was immediately offered to those injured, but only a few suffered at all seriously, as the floor of the barn was covered with straw, and this rendered the fall less dangerous. Leaving the expectant crowd for a time, let us return to the unfortunate prisoners. At half-past six young Mr. Wilson entered Thurtell's cell, and found him fast asleep, snoring heavily. Hunt, sitting by the fireside, was also in a deep slumber. Mr. Wilson, unwilling to disturb them, retired, and half-an-hour later returned with his father. Both were still asleep, and Mr. Wilson then approached the bed and called Thurtell by name. He at once started up, with a dazed look, as if hardly conscious where he was. However, he soon recovered the full possession of his faculties, and remarked, "I have had an excellent night. I have dreamt several odd things; but I have never dreamt anything of this business since I have been in Hertford." During this conversation Hunt awoke, and immediately assumed an air of utter dejection. Thurtell then bathed his head and face, and partook of half a cup of tea, declining any other refreshment. The chaplain appeared, and, the attendants withdrawing, he was left alone with the two prisoners, whom he called upon to join him in prayer. After this a conversation ensued between Mr. Franklin and Thurtell in regard to the latter's religious beliefs and his hopes of divine pardon. The answers of the criminal were such as to give entire satisfaction to the reverend gentleman.

At half-past eleven Thurtell and Hunt were conducted by the chaplain and Mr. Wilson to the chapel, where they were met by the under-sheriff, Mr. Nicholson. All four partook of the Holy Sacrament, and at the conclusion of this solemn rite Thurtell turned round to Hunt, and renewed in the most forcible terms his perfect forgiveness of the past and of his being about to die in peace and charity with all the world. The chaplain and Mr. Nicholson then retired from the chapel, leaving Mr. Wilson and Thurtell alone, Hunt having previously been reconducted to his cell. The Governor turned to the prisoner, and said, "Now, Thurtell, as there is now no eye to witness what is passing between us but that of God, you must not be surprised if I ask you a question. If you intend to make any confession, I think you cannot do it at a better period than the present." Thurtell paused for a few moments. Then he seized both Mr. Wilson's hands, and, pressing them with great fervour within his own, said, "I am quite satisfied; I forgive the world; I die in peace and charity with all mankind, and

that is all I wish to go forth upon this occasion." He added a moment or two later, upon being pressed by Mr. Wilson to acknowledge that justice had been done him, "I admit that justice has been done me; I am perfectly satisfied." And that was the nearest approach to a confession he ever made. At this period Mr. Nicholson tapped at the door with his wand, as the signal that the hour of execution had arrived. Thurtell, turning to Mr. Franklin, said calmly, "Sir, I am ready," and that worthy gentleman could not repress his tears. The chapel door was then thrown open, and the prisoner went forth with a firm and steady tread. He glanced around him with magnificent calmness. The distance from this door to that leading to the scaffold was not more than ten yards, and thither he was accompanied by the chaplain, the under-sheriff, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Webb, and the upper turnkey. The church bell tolled mournfully as the dying man advanced. A few seconds before the clock struck twelve he walked, with his hand on the chaplain's arm, from the chapel, along the paved passage which crosses the yard to the door of the—at that time—treadmill. He maintained his undaunted demeanour, though there was nothing of bravado or braggadocio in his air of calm resignation. All around seemed more affected than he was himself. He cordially shook hands with Mr. Wilson's son, to whom in the morning he had given a lock of his hair. He then shook hands with all around him, and begged Mr. Nicholson that the execution might proceed as soon after his appearance on the scaffold as was possible.

The javelin-men proceeded to arrange themselves in the order usually observed upon what the "Times" called "these melancholy but necessary occurrences." When the clock was on the stroke of twelve, the Under-Sheriff and the executioner ascended the platform, followed by Thurtell, who mounted the stairs with a slow but steady step. With one accord, the vast multitude uncovered their heads. Indignation at a foul deed had given way to solemn feelings of pity for the misguided man about to die a degraded death. His manly bearing, his resigned air, his humility of aspect, could not fail to command the admiration of a British crowd. He immediately placed himself under the fatal beam, and the executioner then threw the rope across it. Meanwhile, the murderer took a calm and comprehensive survey of the multitude around him. He made a slight bow to someone in the crowd. It was seen that he was attired in a handsome dark brown great-coat, with a deep black velvet collar, white corduroy breeches, drab gaiters, and shoes. The loose coat could not altogether hide his athletic proportions or his ease and grace of deportment. A fine figure of a man was John Thurtell! His hands, which were in black kid gloves, were handcuffed; but—at his own request—his arms were not pinioned. He wore a white cravat. The irons, which were very heavy, and consisted of a succession of chain links, were still on his legs, and were held up in the middle by a Belcher handkerchief tied round his waist. Having removed his collar and cravat, the executioner proceeded to adjust the rope round the sufferer's neck, and then drew a white cotton cap over his face, which did not, however, conceal the contour of his face or deprive him altogether of sight. The hangman next proceeded to adjust the noose by which he was to be attached to the scaffold. After this had been done, Thurtell looked up at it and scanned it with great attention. He then desired that care should be taken to ensure him fall enough, and he was assured that it would be sufficient. Mr. Wilson approached him, and again he expressed a hope that he "had been given fall enough." Exactly at two minutes past twelve the Under-Sheriff, with his wand, gave the dread signal, the drop suddenly and silently fell, and the soul of John Thurtell was launched into eternity. Over now his sins of omission and commission! Over now the tempestuous throbbings of a passionate heart, the wild desires and furious schemes of a badly-balanced mind! Over now the fine fight for life and the conflict against overwhelming odds! The true and tragic tale, so far as it concerns John Thurtell, is at an end. The prime villain of the drama is gone from us—his lifeless carcase dangles there at the end of a rope, and the hangman is frantically pulling at the twitching legs to make doubly sure—and the plot languishes. Let the curtain fall!

* * * * * *

Hunt was reprieved, and sent to transportation for life. He made some interesting revelations in regard to Thurtell's last moments, and, rather ungenerously, sought to minimise belief in the dead man's penitence. But Hunt was not the kind of person one would willingly believe.

Probert—he became a sort of pariah after the trial—was hanged at the Old Bailey on June 20, 1825, for horse-stealing, and I question if even Thurtell more thoroughly deserved this fate. So has the weird murder of Weare passed into history, and the true and tragic tale is at an end.

Very Unfortunate.

A YOUNG barrister, who had the reputation of being very impertinent to judges and his fellow barristers, but whose memory frequently failed him when beginning to deliver a long speech, on one occasion commenced to recite an elaborate address which he had prepared. He said: "The unfortunate client who appears by me—the unfortunate client who appears by me—my lord, my unfortunate client——" The Chief Justice interrupted him with, "You may go on, sir; so far the court is quite with you." This crushing retort, though almost whispered in a soft and encouraging tone, quite upset the young barrister, who hurriedly sat down, amidst the laughter of the court.

Magnanimous Criminal.

MR. RYLAND, the artist who was executed in 1789 for forgery, so conciliated the friendship of the governor of Tothill Fields Prison, where he was confined, that he not only had the liberty of the whole house and garden, but when the other prisoners were locked up of an evening the governor used to take him out with him and range the fields to a considerable distance.

His friends, anticipating the consequences of a trial at this time, concerted a plan by which Ryland was to effect his escape in one of these excursions, and which was to have been executed in such a manner that exoneration of his guardian must have followed. But feasible as it appeared, when mentioned to the unfortunate man he was so far from acceding that he protested that if he was at that moment to meet his punishment he would embrace it with all its terrors rather than betray a confidence so humanely given. He was deaf to remonstrances and entreaty, and steadiastly preferred the risk of death to a breach of friendship.

Saved by His Dog.

IN the year 1838, a Mr. Johnston, a traveller from Manchester, on his route from Scotland on horseback, was benighted, and, passing a small inn on the road, thought it better to stay there the night. On entering the house, he found only an old woman, who said he could be accommodated with a bed, and provision made for his horse in a small shed, if he would assist her in giving the animal some hay, there being no other person then in the house. This was agreed to by Mr. Johnston, who, after taking some refreshment, was shown by the old woman to his bedroom.

A large Dane dog, which accompanied him on his journey, was following him to the room; but the old woman strongly objected to this, although Mr. Johnston firmly persisted in having him admitted. The dog, on entering the room, began to growl and was very uneasy. His master attempted to quieten him in vain. He kept growling and looking angrily under the bed, which induced Mr. Johnston to look there likewise, when, to his great astonishment, he saw a man concealed at the farther end. On encouraging the dog, he sprang immediately at the man, whilst Mr. Johnston seized his pistols, and, presenting one at the man, who had a large knife in his hand and was struggling with the dog, swore he would instantly shoot him if he made further resistance. The man then submitted to be bound, and admitted that he had intended to rob and murder Mr. Johnston, which was thus providentially prevented by the wonderful sagacity of his faithful dog.

Mr. Johnston, after properly securing the man and fastening the door, went, accompanied by his dog, to the shed where his horse had been left, instantly mounted, and escaped safely to the next town, where he gave the magistrate a full account of the murderous attempt, and the culprit was apprehended, tried, and punished with a long term of imprisonment for his villainy.

The Cruelest Murder.

REVOLTING DEED BY PATRICK FORBES, WHO KILLED HIS WIFE AT NEWCASTLE.

A Jack-the-Ripper of the Seventies.

"O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts."

—SHAKESPEARE, "Othello."

THOSE who remember Newcastle-on-Tyne some thirty years ago, and are able to compare it with the progressing and much-improved town of the present day, will scarcely believe that it is the same place which has been made notorious throughout the universe for its coals and its seaport. It has, indeed, marvellously improved, and, although still a "bit roof loike," there is not that display of drunkenness and vice which is inseparable from a town the population of which is represented by a floating cosmopolitan crowd, here to-day and gone to-morrow.

As a matter of fact, in the early seventies Newcastle-on-Tyne nearly, if not quite, headed the list amongst the towns of the United Kingdom for crime and drunkenness, and certainly produced a sample of the combination of the two which has never been beaten for its horrors and disgusting associations; if, indeed, it has ever been equalled throughout the civilised world. But the difficulty is to relate the circumstances of this, we trust, unique crime without too far shocking our readers' nerves, and in any case words cannot be used for a full description of the deed; therefore much must be left to the imagination.

It is Friday afternoon, March 22, 1874, and it is a wretched day, for the month, which has "come in like a lion," is likely to go out like the proverbial "lamb," the weather being particularly mild, with a sea fog rolling up the river, and making the atmosphere heavy and clammy, necessitating the early lighting of lamps and candles—the very day to drive those inclined that way to the public-house. That there are many disposed to avail themselves of the excuse is evident, for the taverns are crowded and the constables are busily engaged.

At the Head of the Tide, just as you turn into a "slum" known appropriately enough as Cloggers' Entry (for many a man has received his death-kick with a heavy boot there) an unusual amount of excitement is going on, a jeering crowd giving utterance to as choice a selection of blasphemous and foul language as could be framed in the North-country dialect—which, by the bye, is saying a great deal. They are a good-humoured lot, however, and there is no necessity for the presence of the police.

It is only old Pat Forbes and his missus—drunk, as usual—trying to make their way in a zigzag manner to their hovel of a home in the "Entry." The woman is very drunk, and it is a case of blind leading blind, for Mr. Patrick is little better, and when the "old woman" falls flat upon her face in the slimy mud he, in his charitable endeavours to play the gallant in raising his better half, rolls over her. Then there is a roar of applause and shrieks of laughter, that might easily have been mistaken down the fog-laden river for the sound of a "hooter" or "syren" belonging to one of the steamers.

But there are willing hands belonging to the neighbours living up Cloggers' Entry, and, after much persuasion and not a little force, Mr. Patrick Forbes and his better half, mud-besmeared and more unsteady than ever, are supported to their home, the crowd giving them a final "Hurrah!" as they tumble into the passage. But little does anybody dream that this farce, which has provoked such fun and entertainment to the ignorant minds of those who witness it, is to terminate in one of the most shocking tragedies that can be found in the annals of crime.

By a great effort Patrick Forbes pulls himself together when once in the passage of his domicile, and, great rough brute that he is, lifts the now drunken, unconscious woman up in his arms, and blunders up the stairs with her, falling with his burden on the first landing, and striking the head of the poor wretch against the door with sufficient violence to knock what little life she possessed out of her, and making a great bruise on the side of her face.

A lodger in the house, disturbed by the noise, appears upon the scene, and with assistance the woman is carried into their room, and, with muddy clothes and boots unremoved, thrown upon the filthy bed, whilst the man, gradually becoming oblivious to the surroundings, sinks into a wooden armchair near the fire, which has been "banked" up to last hours, and, with head resting against the wall, goes off into a stupefied slumber, made hideous by the snoring and snorting, which is echoed by the less loud but equally disgusting vocal sounds from the woman on the bed.

Hours have passed, and the falling of some half-consumed coal into the hollow of the fire casts a ruddy glow throughout the filthy apartment. It discloses a picture that Hogarth would have loved to have taken for a subject, or Cruikshank to have dwelt upon—an ideal haunt of drunkenness and filth for both of them. The lighting up of the room causes the man to start, and his eyes open, looking into vacancy, for although he has ceased to slumber, his senses have not returned to him, and he looks vacantly around.

Then, clutching the arms of the chair, he supports himself to his feet, and glares around with a hideous expression upon his countenance. He looks more like a fiend than a human being, with the flickering light from the fire playing upon a face that has become pallid and contorted. The "blue devil" of drink has taken possession of the brute, and he no longer has control over mind and body.

Seizing the well-worn, pointed poker from the side of the fireplace he rams it viciously into the burning coals, and the room is brilliantly illuminated. Then his expressionless eyes wander to the heap of rags upon the bed, and, poker in hand, he creeps stealthily towards it, and turns the still sleeping woman over, at the same time throwing aside the wretched torn and draggle-tailed skirt of the muddy dress. Then, with a fiendish laugh, he strikes the thin-pointed poker into the lower part of the poor creature's abdomen with such violence and with such power that it breaks through into the vital regions of the body, and with a great gasp the fearfully-injured woman lapses into a new and fathomless unconsciousness, from which she will never recover.

The fiend, still without knowledge of his deed, replaces the poker in the fire, and then undressing himself mechanically rolls into the bed beside that which was once his wife, but is now a senseless, dying woman, from whom the life-blood is oozing and dripping upon the bare boards of the floor, making a great pool.

"Help! help! murder!" is shrieked from the window of that wretched hovel in Cloggers' Entry. It is the voice of Bridget Forbes, the daughter of the woman who has been so shockingly done to death.

The man has slept off some of the drink, and has realised the fact that the woman is dead, and though his son, a boy of fifteen, has made known the fact, is still apparently oblivious of the cause. He is a dazed being, without sense to know more than that the woman who has been the mother of some dozen children cannot respond to his call, for he has shaken the corpse and shouted her Christian name a dozen times: "Bridget! Bridget! D—— you; get up, will you?"

But the daughter has realised the state of affairs, and soon there are a dozen people at the scene of the tragedy. Police, doctors, neighbours, and the wretched woman's children are present, and the only one amongst them who does not understand what it all means is the wretched murderer himself, who is marched off to the police-station, the perpetrator of one of the vilest crimes that can be recalled which has been caused through drink.

To ask our readers to follow the details of the inquest and the trial would be but painful, for the surgeon's evidence, given plainly and without reserve, is unfit for publication. That the man did not know what he was about seems to be pretty evident. But the jury at the coroner's inquest found him guilty of wilful murder, and the same verdict was recorded at the assizes.

The fearful state of mind that the man must have been in

SEIZING THE WELL-WORN POKER FROM THE FIRE-PLACE.

during the period that he was in gaol may be better imagined than described, for it gradually came home to him and must have tortured him fearfully, as a glance at the letters he left behind will prove.

Patrick Forbes, although only a common labourer, had been a gentleman's servant before his marriage, and certainly was not devoid of education, writing really a good hand. This, no doubt, told against him at the trial, but the real reason for the verdict of "Murder" instead of "Manslaughter"—for it was clearly proved that he was not in his senses at the time—was the atrocious means employed to take the woman's life. The following is a selection from the letters left by him and made public after his execution, which took place on the morning of April 19, 1874:

It was headed, "The last will and testimony of a loving father to his dear and beloved children, two days before his execution." The letter consisted principally of a profusion of kind expressions to them, and urging them to be good and dutiful children, and commended them to God and the Virgin Mary. He also expressed his thanks to the Catholic clergy, and after comparing himself with Christ, who was condemned by false witnesses, he stated that he had been condemned by false witnesses, but hoped that God would forgive them, as he did. With respect to the crime, he wrote the following: "As it is mentioned about my barbarity and cruelty with respect to having committed the awful deed of murder upon my dear wife, it was never my intention to hurt her, much less to be guilty of the crime left to my charge. I have many times abused her, which I was sorry for immediately afterwards, in which her own hand was the principal cause of."

The letter wound up with a long prayer, most carefully and legibly written in a good round hand.

On the Friday night before the day appointed for the execution all his children visited him to say farewell, and the scene is described as having been most heartrending, particularly the parting with his eldest daughter.

After the children had gone the unhappy man made the following voluntary statement, which was written down for him and which he signed:

"I loved my dear wife sincerely, and on the 22nd of March I had no thought or intention to do her any injury whatever. On that night I was very drunk, and am not conscious to myself of having done anything to cause the death of my dear wife; but, believing the deed was not done by any other person, I am willing to take the blame of it on myself. I am satisfied that I had a fair trial before my judge and the jury, and I submit willingly to the laws of my country. I beg pardon of all persons whom I may have injured or offended, and freely forgive all who have injured or offended me. I die in peace with all the world, and humbly hope for mercy and pardon from Almighty God, through the merits of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

"I make this declaration truly and voluntarily, in the presence of Alderman George Dunn and Mr. Thompson, the Governor of the Gaol, in Newcastle-on-Tyne, the 12th of April, 1874. "PATRICK FORBES."

The Monarch and the Highwayman.

IT is not, perhaps, generally known that King George the Fourth was once robbed on the "Stand and deliver" principle by a knight of the road.

This occurred in the winter of 1822, when the King and his brother, the Duke of York, were passing Lansdowne House, the London home of the Marquises of Lansdowne, then situated in a very lonely position. The two great men could only muster half-a-crown between them, with which the enterprising highwayman—who probably belonged to the footpad variety—had perforce to be satisfied!

Ex Nihilo Nihil Fit!

A MAN once appeared before Judge Woodfall in regard to a debt which he owed to a firm of tobacconists, and he pleaded poverty as an excuse for not having paid the amount.

"What are you?" asked the learned judge, who is never very hard on the really unfortunate debtor. The defendant replied "Nothing," and the judge went on to inquire on what he lived. "On nothing," was the uncompromising reply. "Then what's your occupation?" the judge continued. "Nothing at all," was the answer of the defendant amidst the laughter of the court.

This his Honour said: "No order against this man. I can't make anything out of nothing!"

Life of Charles Peace.

CHAPTER XII.

FINDING that he was overmatched by Gatliffe, Peace picked up a large flint stone, which he hurled at Gatliffe, who was seriously bruised in the thigh from the blow.

He rushed rapidly forward, and, clutching Peace by both arms, he pinioned him and rendered him powerless to do further harm for the present.

"Let go, coward—let go!" exclaimed Peace.

"It's you who are the coward, you spiteful, vindictive little brute. You ought to be ashamed of yourself—that is, if you have any shame in you. Think yourself lucky you've escaped a good thrashing, for it's what you deserve," said Gatliffe.

Peace made frantic efforts to release himself, but he was unsuccessful.

Gatliffe, in addition to having great personal strength, had on more than one occasion carried off the prize as a wrestler.

He was a quiet, well-disposed young man enough, and was at all times the very last to quarrel, but when once aroused he was well able to take his own part.

"Are you going to leave go?" cried Peace, after a series of ineffectual struggles.

"Not unless you promise to behave better."

"I won't promise—I'll die first."

"Very well, then; I shall keep you prisoner till a constable comes, that's all."

"A constable?"

"Yes, a policeman. Will you promise?"

"What?"

"To conduct yourself like a sane person."

"I won't promise anything. I hate and despise you for the sneak you are."

"You were always an abusive, audacious fellow, even as a boy," returned Gatliffe. "And a man who knows you as well as I do must be a fool to take any notice of your blustering."

Two farm labourers who had witnessed the conflict from a neighbouring meadow, now came forward and proffered their services to Gatliffe.

"You've got a bit of a madman, ain't ye, master?" said one of the men. "Maybe he's escaped from his keeper."

"You impudent wretch!" ejaculated Peace.

"What be going to do wi' him?" said the other rustic. "He deserves ducking in the horse pond—that be the best way to serve him."

"He's flung a big stone at 'ee," said the other; "better take him to the police station."

"Oh, there's no occasion for that," answered Gatliffe. "I think he may go about his business now. If he's got any sense he will do so at once."

And with these words he let go of Peace, who deemed it advisable not to attempt any renewal of hostilities.

"Now go your way," said Gatliffe. "You are smarting under some real or imaginary wrong; hence it is, I suppose, that you have fallen foul of me."

"I haven't done with you, depend upon that," cried Peace. "You've got the better of me now, I admit, but that does not settle the difference between us."

"Get away, you stupid fellow," returned Gatliffe; "you don't suppose I'm afraid of a man like you. Be off, and give me no more of your impudence, for if you do, I tell you candidly you won't escape again with a whole skin."

Peace made another hideous face, after which he jumped over the stile and threaded his way through a narrow pathway which ran by the side of a cornfield.

Gatliffe watched him for some little time, he then turned towards the two farm labourers and laughed.

"He's a spiteful, vindictive rascal," said he; "there's no doubt of that."

"He be vicious, an' I should say from the look on 'un, a bad lot," observed the ploughman. "There ain't much on 'im, but what there is is all fire and brimstone, an' it don't take much to set it alight."

CHAPTER XIII.

Humiliated and crestfallen, Peace returned to his old haunts at Sheffield. He solaced himself by writing a long and affectionate letter to Bessie Dalton, of whom he had taken but little notice for some time past; now he endeavoured to make amends for his neglect.

The excuses he made for this were, as a matter of course, mainly drawn from his own imagination, which, as far as false statements were concerned, was at all times fertile enough.

He mixed freely with his boon companions and played the violin nightly at one or more of the sing-songs held at the public-houses in the town. He had "the gift of the gab," as it is termed, could converse glibly enough upon most topics, in addition to which he had quaint sayings and amusing ways, which went far towards ensuring him a cordial reception from the frequenters of the houses he chose to honour with a visit.

In many ways Peace was a remarkable man. He was a consummate scoundrel from the outset to the close of his career, but he could be, when he chose, a very plausible one.

Had he not been this he could never have imposed upon so many persons as he did

His successful rival, Tom Gatliffe, had been on terms of the closest intimacy with Mrs. Maitland and Aveline. His love for the latter had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength. He positively worshipped the fair young creature who had so enslaved him, but for a long time he had remained silent upon the subject which engrossed his whole thoughts.

Young Gatliffe belonged to what is called the industrial class, but he had received an education superior to the generality of men in his station of life. He was by trade an engineer.

Patient, self-reliant, and industrious, he had won for himself a good position in one of the leading firms in Sheffield. His employers had great confidence in him, and he was a young man who gave early promise of pushing his way in the world. He was steady, frugal, and had already saved a considerable sum of money. He had of late become more persistent in his attentions to Aveline.

The end of this may be readily divined. He avowed his love, and proposed.

Aveline did not refuse. On the contrary, she accepted him upon the condition that he was to broach the subject to Mrs. Maitland.

The young engineer was in an ecstasy of delight at his success so far.

Soon after his encounter with Peace he bent his steps towards the widow's cottage, and sought an interview with its mistress.

Mrs. Maitland shrewdly guessed the object of his visit.

She conducted him into the front parlour, closed the door, and sat herself down in one of the armchairs, motioning her visitor to be seated in another.

"My dear Mrs. Maitland," said Gatliffe. "It is indeed a subject of most serious import, as regards my own happiness, which has occasioned me to seek you. For a long time past I have been attached to your daughter—possibly you might have guessed this."

The widow nodded.

"And Aveline?"

"I have told her all—told her that a great golden blaze of light seemed to fall upon me when I first beheld her. I love her and have avowed my love. She bade me seek you—bade me ask your consent. That is why I am here."

"I see and comprehend most fully. You love one another. Well, Mr. Gatliffe, you are not the first man who has been struck with Aveline—but let that pass. I esteem and respect you, and, as far as I am concerned, there will be no impediment in the way.

"I think you too worthy a fellow to offer any objection to—you have my consent. As far as that is concerned, con-

sider the matter settled. But there are other considerations," she added, in a more serious tone.

"Considerations!" he exclaimed. "Possibly you allude to my position in life."

"Oh, dear me, no—not for a moment."

"Pray explain. Let me know the worst," he ejaculated, in evident trepidation.

"In the first place," answered the widow, "I must inform you that Aveline is not my daughter."

"Not your daughter, Mrs. Maitland! Impossible!"

"No; but I am quite as fond of her as if she were my own child, but she is not, and I think it but right and proper that you should be put in possession of all the facts. She is not my daughter."

"Whose daughter is she, then?"

"That I cannot tell you. I have adopted her, and brought her up from infancy."

"I am indeed surprised."

"That is no more than I expected. Listen! You are perhaps not aware that I was at one time matron to the Derby Infirmary. It was while acting in this capacity that I first met with Aveline, who was then between two and three years old.

"There had been a collision on the line. Many persons were seriously injured, while some were picked out of the carriages dead.

"One poor lady was brought into the infirmary in a dying condition. When discovered, strange to say, a little girl, supposed to be her daughter, whom she clasped in her arms, was found to be uninjured; they were both conveyed to the infirmary.

"The mother was in a state of insensibility. After she had been attended to by the surgeon she rallied a little, and murmured once or twice, in a half-dreamy state, the word, 'Aveline.' The child answered to the name, and went to the bedside of the sufferer.

"We endeavoured to get the poor lady to tell us who she was, but she was too ill to speak, and the doctor forbade us making any more inquiries for the present.

"It was a pitiful sight, for you must understand that there were many other poor creatures besides her who required immediate attention, and of course it was the duty of myself and the nurses under my direction to see to them without a moment's delay.

"While thus engaged one of the nurses came to me, and whispered in my ear that the lady in bed No. 14 had breathed her last.

"I hastened to the spot, and found that her words were but too true. The child was crying, and I directed one of the women to take it into the house I occupied, and tell Rebecca, my servant, to take charge of it till I came."

"And its mother?"

"Had passed away, as I have told you. Many others succumbed to the injuries they had received. Most—nay, indeed, I believe all—were identified by their relatives—all, save the lady and her child.

"For these no claimant could be found. Not the faintest scrap of intelligence reached us from any quarter to give a clue to their identification.

"The lady to all appearance belonged to the upper class. She had a sweet face and features of delicate mould; but who she was it is not possible to say. Neither do I think it likely now that we shall ever ascertain."

"Goodness me—how singular! And had she nothing about her to denote who and what she was?"

"She wore round her neck a double gold locket, containing the portrait of a gentleman on one side, on the other was a likeness of the deceased lady, and, in addition to her wedding ring, she wore one with a motto and crest inside it. A description of her and the child, together with the jewellery she had on, appeared in the list of the dead and missing in the public papers at the time, but no one came forward to claim either the living or the dead."

"Can such things be possible?" exclaimed Gatliffe.

"My dear sir, they are of frequent occurrence. If we could know the number of missing and unclaimed persons which every year furnishes us with, it would surprise most people. But what I am telling you now are simply facts which have come under my own observation."

"And the mother, what became of her remains?"

"After every effort had been made to discover her relations, and we had given it up as hopeless, my husband paid for her funeral, and he said, at the same time, that he would never part with the child. Poor dear soul! he kept his word. She was by his bedside when his gentle spirit passed away. He almost worshipped Aveline, and she was equally attached to him. She had been indeed more than a daughter to us."

"And have you the locket and the two rings?"

"They were kept in the hospital for some years, but upon my retiring, I begged them of the governors, and they at once gave orders for them to be handed over to me. I have them now."

"And do not intend to part with them, I hope?"

"Certainly not. I consider they belong to Aveline."

"Why, Mrs. Maitland, this is indeed an extraordinary story."

"I have thought it a duty incumbent on me to furnish you with all the particulars. If, after hearing them, you are still disposed to have Aveline——"

"If!" ejaculated the young engineer. "You do not for a moment suppose I have any desire to cancel our engagement? No, my dear madam, it is an additional reason for my cherishing and protecting her."

"Well, Tom, I hope—nay, I am sure—you will make her a good husband; and I frankly admit, if it had been left to me to select one for her, I should have chosen you."

Gatliffe sprang to his feet, put his arms round the speaker's neck, and kissed her fondly.

"Tush, tush, you silly boy!" said the widow, "what do you want to be kissing an old woman like me for?"

She was, however, not in any way angry with her companion.

"Is Aveline a Christian or surname, do you think?" queried Gatliffe.

"I took it to be a Christian name from the fact that the mother called her child to her bedside by it, and the little thing answered to it with the greatest alacrity. It is her Christian name now. She'll not change it when she marries, I suppose," added the widow, with a smile.

"I shall never call her by any other. You know, Mrs. Maitland, I am but in humble circumstances, but I have enough to give my dear Aveline all she can desire, and I hope in a short time to be more prosperous."

"Ah! as to that, riches are not everything, though many persons think they are—I do not, however. By the way, Tom, do you know that Mr. Peace made Aveline an offer?"

"Yes; I've heard so. But she wouldn't listen to him."

"No. I candidly confess that I had rather a good opinion of him at one time—not as a suitor for Aveline, but I thought him good-natured and kindly disposed."

"Probably he may be so."

"But I have very much altered my opinion with regard to him—very much indeed," returned the widow, with forcible emphasis.

Gatliffe refrained from offering any remark. It was evident, from his manner, that he did not want to dwell further on the subject.

Aveline now entered the room, whereupon her lover rose and embraced her.

"It is all settled, dearest," he exclaimed, in a tone of delight. "You will learn the full particulars from Mrs. Maitland."

"So you have been having a tête-à-tête, it seems."

"Yes, we have, my child," said Mrs. Maitland, "and a very satisfactory one it has proved to be."

"I'm glad of that," murmured Aveline. "You both seem well pleased."

Young Gatliffe thought it was time to take his departure. He was elated with the successful nature of his interview with the widow, and thought it best to leave her alone with Aveline.

CHAPTER XIV.

It would not be edifying to the reader to chronicle all the marauding expeditions in which our hero was engaged at this period.

The money obtained by the exercise of his musical ability did not content him for long. He visited several houses after nightfall, and if the booty obtained was not large he escaped without detection.

He had "spotted," to use his own phrase, a house standing in its own grounds at Woodhill, within a few miles of Sheffield.

The place seemed so isolated and looked so tempting, it being in the occupation of some rich person, that Peace determined upon paying it an early visit.

At the back of the house was a conservatory. This could be reached from one of the back rooms. Indeed, it might be said to form part of the room itself.

Peace, who had noted all these things when passing the place in midday, had determined upon his plan of operations.

He scaled the iron railings which ran round the front garden, and made at once for the greenhouse. To obtain an entrance into this was a matter of no great difficulty.

The two folding doors of the parlour led into the conservatory. These were, as a matter of course, fastened, but not very securely.

The burglar, who, as we have already seen, was an expert in dealing with locks and bolts, began by ascertaining, as nearly as possible, the nature of the fastenings. With a bit of bent wire he picked the lock, and one of the doors yielded to his pressure.

He found the top bolt had not been drawn home into its socket, and an aperture was disclosed sufficiently large for him to withdraw the bottom bolt with one of the instruments he had brought with him. The bolt was pulled back, and the door was flung wide open.

All this had been done in so quiet a manner that none of the inmates were disturbed.

Peace entered the back parlour, and found therein a considerable amount of portable and valuable property. By the aid of one of his silent lucifers he possessed himself of a number of articles, which he placed together on the table, with the intention of removing them upon his return from the other rooms, which it was his purpose to ransack in a similar manner.

He went into the front parlour, and took from it a still richer booty, which he placed by the side of the first heap.

This done, he crept cautiously upstairs, and entered the front drawing-room on the first floor. This was furnished with the most costly articles. The burglar was quite charmed with the appearance of the apartment, still more so with its contents.

He now for the first time made use of one of the long screws which he used so frequently in the after part of his lawless career.

Closing the door, he bored a small hole in it with a bradawl; into this he inserted a long, pointed screw, which he turned with a screwdriver, and by this means fastened himself securely in the room.

No one would be able to gain an entrance.

With one of his lucifers he lighted a small wax taper, which he placed on one of the hobs of the grate. Then he proceeded to open all the drawers and cupboards, from which he abstracted a number of valuables. These he placed in his bag.

He felicitated himself upon the successful nature of the expedition; the proceeds of his night's work would undoubtedly realise a considerable sum of money, even at the Jew's price.

As may be supposed, he did not leave much behind that there was any possibility of carrying away.

The examination of the room, the turning over the various articles, and abstraction of the same, took a longer time than he had expected; nevertheless, he deemed himself quite safe, as the door was securely fastened.

When he had selected all that he intended to take away with him, he blew out his taper, and began to withdraw his long, thin screw. This done, he cautiously opened the door and peeped out. No one was visible.

Turning round to reach his bag, his coat-tail caught the branch of a candelabrum, which fell to the floor with a loud crash.

In another moment he was alarmed by the barking of a dog, and in the next a fierce animal rushed into the room, and sprang at his throat.

Peace was greatly alarmed. The whole household would, in all probability, be aroused.

"Curse the hound!" he muttered; at the same time grasping the dog's throat with both hands, so as to silence him, and at the same time, if possible, to throttle him.

A struggle ensued between the burglar and the dog, which, short and desperate as it was, seemed an age to Peace.

He flung his canine opponent with all his force to the other end of the room; but the dog was not easily cowed; he came on once more.

Peace had expected this. As the animal approached, he struck it a terrific blow on the head with his jemmy. For a moment the poor creature was stunned.

Peace shouldered his bag, and was about to make off, when he received a cut on the forehead from some weapon, which caused a thousand sparks to flicker before his eyes.

He struck out right and left with his jemmy at a dark figure in the doorway.

In another moment he was in the grasp of a powerful man, whose features were not distinguishable, the room being at this time in almost utter darkness.

"Scoundrel! villain!" exclaimed his opponent; "you shall not escape me."

Peace made no answer to these expletives.

He had but one thought—this being to get away. He struggled desperately, and fought like a tiger.

The two combatants fell to the floor, rolling over together. Peace kicked and struck out with his fists, but for all he could do he could not shake off his resolute antagonist.

The dog, who had now in a measure recovered from the blow, set up a loud barking.

He, with a noble instinct, rushed to his master's assistance and caught Peace by one of his legs, who kicked the animal savagely with the other.

"Down, Bruno—down, boy!" ejaculated Peace's opponent.

At these words the dog ceased further hostilities.

Peace, by a supreme effort, rose to his feet, but he was still in the grasp of his enemy, who also rose.

The noise and barking of the dog aroused another inmate of the house; this was the servant girl, who hurried on her things and hastened to the scene of action with a lighted candle in her hand.

"For mercy's sake, Mr. Gatliffe, whatever is the matter?" she inquired.

Peace's heart beat audibly. He was in the hands of Tom Gatliffe.

By the light of the candle which the girl carried he beheld the well-known features of his rival.

"Heaven be merciful!" exclaimed the latter, who, despite his disguise, at once recognised Peace. "Can it be possible?"

He regarded the burglar with a look of bewilderment.

Peace was abashed; panting and puffing like a grampus, he drew back and supported himself against the edge of the cheffonier.

The two—the honest man and the rogue—regarded each other in silence for a brief space of time.

"I had never counted on this. I am appalled," exclaimed Gatliffe. "A robber, a thief, a burglar! It surpasses all belief!"

A stream of blood was trickling down Peace's face from the blow he had received at the commencement of the conflict, but he was heedless of this. The exposure, the terrible discovery made by young Gatliffe, afflicted him more than aught else.

"What have you to say for yourself? Can it be possible that you have sunk so low as this? I can hardly realise the fact, which, however, is but too evident. I would that some other person had made this discovery."

"It's no use making fine set speeches," returned Peace; "here we both are. It is not a pleasant meeting for either of us, but we must make the best of it."

"What has been the matter?" inquired the girl. "Shall I go for James, or a policeman, or what?"

"You had better go for a policeman; but stay, where is James?"

"In the room over the coach-house, I suppose."

"Well, we don't want his assistance—go for a policeman. The station is not far hence—go, there's a good girl."

The maid placed the candle on the table, put on her shawl, and sallied forth.

When she had gone, Gatliffe closed the door, locked it, and put the key into his pocket.

"Now," he said, turning to Peace, "you are my prisoner."

"So it seems," returned the latter, who had by this time recovered his assurance; "but may I inquire what you do here? You are not master of this house—are you?"

"I am not, but one of my employers is. He's away in the country, and during his absence I have taken charge of the premises. Insolence will avail you but little. You might have got me into trouble, imperilled my position—nay, almost ruined me—had you got clean away with the things you have purloined."

"But I've not got away, and it's no use supposing I have," interrupted Peace. "It is a bad business, but can't be helped. Do you mean to tell me that you are going to hand me over to the police?"

"It is my duty to do so."

"Duty be blowed! Look here, we've had a word or two. You've robbed me of the only woman I ever cared for. It's driven me to distraction, that's what it's done, else I shouldn't be here. It is all your fault; but there, I bear you no animosity. Let bygones be bygones. I tell you I've been driven to distraction. Do you hear?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, then, if you are the same generous Tom Gatliffe as I knew years ago, you won't be hard upon your old chum."

"What would I give to be out of this difficulty?" exclaimed Gatliffe, in a tone of sadness. "Do, for mercy's sake, mend your ways. Never make another attempt of this sort. It is, I hope, your first false step—let it be your last."

"It shall be—I promise you that. It shall be the last," he answered, with well-simulated hypocrisy.

"For the sake of those who are near and dear to you, do not, I charge you, stray from the path of honesty. A burglar—a midnight robber! It appears almost too terrible to believe. What am I to say to my employer?"

"You need not say that we were in any way acquainted. The attempt was made, and you frustrated it. That is all. I'm in your power, and throw myself upon your mercy. Let me go."

"If I do, justice will surely overtake you, sooner or later, unless you mend your ways."

"I will," cried Peace. "Be assured of that. Now, Tom, the minutes are flying rapidly. Even now the police may be on their way here. Let me get clear off while there's yet time."

Gatliffe hesitated for a moment, then he took the key out of his pocket, unlocked the door, flung it wide open, and said, in a hoarse whisper:

"Go! Get you gone! I imperil my own position, but we are known to each other from boyhood. Away at once!"

"You're a good fellow, Tom; I always said so," murmured Peace. "Now I am more than ever assured of it. I shall not forget your kindness. But a few days ago I hated you, and could have killed you. Now I esteem and love you."

"Go to —— No more of this," returned his companion. "All I ask of you is that you never again suffer yourself to forfeit my good opinion by any discreditable or dishonest act."

"Trust me, Tom, I will not," said Peace, as he flew with rapid steps down the stairs, and passed through the back parlour, and from thence into the conservatory.

In a few minutes after this he was clear away from the scene of his operations.

After his departure Tom Gatliffe remained in the front drawing-room, a prey to a thousand conflicting thoughts.

The unexpected and singular encounter that had taken place was altogether of such an extraordinary nature that he seemed bewildered and perplexed.

He had never for a moment imagined that Peace had been pursuing a lawless career, and the sudden discovery he made that night fell like a thunderbolt upon him.

Gatliffe was a young man of the strictest integrity, of the highest moral rectitude, and he felt supremely miserable when he reflected upon the incriminating facts, which had been made but too painfully manifest, in connection with his schoolfellow Peace.

He would have given half he was possessed of not to have been in the house at the time of the burglary.

Generous, kind-hearted, and forgiving as he was by nature, he found it impossible to blast the prospects of one whom he had known, almost on what might be termed the threshold of existence.

He glanced at the burglar's bag, which contained so many valuable articles, and, as he did so, a shudder passed through his frame.

Footsteps were now heard ascending the stairs, and in another moment the servant girl entered the room. She was accompanied by an inspector of the police and a constable.

"GO FOR A POLICEMAN!"

"Where is the prisoner?" said the inspector.

"He has escaped," answered Gatliffe.

"Escaped!" iterated the inspector. "Surely you have not been foolish enough to let him get away. How did it happen?"

"You shall hear. I had him in this room and kept guard over the entrance. He pleaded for mercy, but I told him I had a duty to perform. All at once, after remaining quiet and submissive for some time, he sprang towards the door. I caught hold of him to arrest his passage; in doing so, my foot slipped, and he lost no time in taking advantage of this accident, and succeeded in releasing himself from my grasp. It was all done in less time than it takes me to tell it. He flew downstairs."

"Well, you followed, of course?"

"Yes."

"And could not overtake him?"

"I had very nearly done so, when he rushed into the back parlour, closed the door, and locked it. I ran round the conservatory, searched everywhere I could think of, but was

unable to find him. Oh! he has escaped, but it is no fault of mine!"

This, as the reader may guess, was not a truthful statement, but it was the only course Gatliffe had left to get himself out of the difficulty.

The inspector looked at the constable, then they both gave a glance at Gatliffe, who, as a natural consequence, felt greatly disconcerted.

"Well, it is very unfortunate—exceedingly so," observed the inspector. "Should you know the man again?"

"Oh, dear, yes; I've no doubt I should."

"So should I," exclaimed the girl. "I should know him out of a thousand. He had a dark skin, and appeared to be a mulatto."

"Is that so?"

This last query was addressed to Gatliffe.

"Yes, she's quite right—that was what he appeared to be—a half caste, a creole, or mulatto."

"Ah! several burglaries have been committed by a man of that description. I am much mortified at his having made his escape."

"It is indeed very much to be regretted, but it is no fault of mine. I hope you don't think it is," said Gatliffe.

"I don't say it is any fault of yours," returned the inspector testily. "I only say it's unfortunate, that's all—confoundedly unfortunate, when you've bagged your bird, to let him fly away. I say again, it's unfortunate; but talking won't mend the matter. Let's search the house, Jawkins."

This was addressed to the constable.

"You see this?" remarked Gatliffe, pointing significantly to the bag.

The constable opened it, and drew forth one article after the other in the usual systematic and professional manner invariably adopted by gentlemen of his profession.

"He meant walking away with a tolerably rich booty," observed the inspector. "Ah! he knew his business—not the least doubt of that."

Gatliffe was ready to sink through the floor; he was so abashed and humiliated at the contemptible part he had been playing, which was, to say the truth, altogether foreign to his nature.

After the bag had been emptied of its contents the police-officers proceeded downstairs. They were followed by the young engineer and the servant girl.

The other pile of valuables was discovered on the table in the back parlour. These of course underwent inspection. During the examination of each separate article Gatliffe was perfectly appalled at the magnitude of the projected robbery; but he said nothing, being, in fact, too depressed to venture too many observations.

"Here is where the rascal gained an entrance into the premises," pointing to the folding-doors which led into the conservatory, which gave unmistakable indications of the marks made by the burglar's instruments.

A rapid and rigid search was now made in the grounds, both in the rear and in the front of the house. But no burglar was discovered.

The services of Bruno, the faithful dog, were enlisted in this search, which, however, turned out to be fruitless.

The constables returned to the house. They were evidently deeply mortified at the escape of the robber, and could but ill conceal their vexation.

"He's given us the slip," said the inspector. "Got far away by this time, I've no doubt. It's very annoying, but it can't be helped."

"I'm sure I am very sorry to have given you so much unnecessary trouble," murmured Gatliffe. "The more so since I found it impossible to detain him. I wish you had come a little earlier."

"We did not lose a moment after the young woman informed us of the affair. You take my advice," remarked the inspector addressing himself to Gatliffe, "the next time you collar a 'cracksman,' stick to him. Don't let him slip through your fingers."

"Mr. Gatliffe held him fast enough," said the servant, in a tone of indignation. "He's not the man to give in easily. He had a most desperate struggle with the burglar before I left; and had it not been for him and Bruno the house would have been well-nigh stripped."

The inspector nodded his head in acquiescence of this last proposition.

"We will take the bag with us," he observed, as he made his way to the drawing-room. "It may afford some clue to the robber."

Upon entering the upstairs room, he discovered on the floor the "jemmy" with which Peace struck the dog. It had fallen out of his hand during his struggle with Gatliffe. This was also carried away by the police. Upon their return to the station orders were issued to the men on duty to keep on the look-out for the next few days for a man answering to the description of the burglar.

But the bird had flown—he had also changed his plumage—and he was, moreover, too cunning a bird to be seen in the neighbourhood for some time—certainly not till the attempted burglary was a thing of the past.

Gatliffe was in a state of trepidation for some days. The false statement he had made to the police officers caused him the deepest anxiety.

It was altogether so repugnant to his feelings to deviate from the truth that he felt humiliated at having been compelled, by the force of circumstances, to trump up so specious a tale to cover the flight of Peace.

He accused himself of having aided and abetted a burglar in his lawless attempt at robbery.

This was, however, viewing the matter in its worst light. If Gatliffe had erred it was from the best motive; it was to save one whom he had known for many years. He had not the faintest notion, when he connived at his escape, that he was dealing thus mercifully with a callous and hardened criminal.

But Peace, it must be acknowledged, was a remarkable man in many ways, not the least of these being his wondrous power of imposing upon persons with whom he came in contact.

The miserable failure he had made in attempting to rob the house of which Gatliffe was the custodian did not abash him.

He was to be seen in places of public resort at Sheffield on the following day. Indeed, he mixed more freely with the townspeople than he had done heretofore.

Some few days after his last unsuccessful escapade, Peace was standing outside the principal post-office in Sheffield.

He had been to inquire if there were any letters for him.

He expected to receive one from Bessie Dalton, who, in accordance with his instructions, directed her epistles to the post-office to be kept till called for.

Peace had received several, but for some little time past none had arrived.

He was debating with himself as to the cause, when, much to his surprise, he descried Tom Gatliffe hastening on in the direction of the spot where he was stationed.

It was not possible for him to avoid being recognised, and, to say the truth, he had no desire to do so.

He waited till Gatliffe came up to him.

His countenance denoted that he was a little concerned at the rencontre.

Gatliffe posted some letters, and then turned towards Peace with a look of deep sorrow.

"You remember the promise given to me on that terrible night?" said Gatliffe, in a whisper.

Peace nodded.

"I do," he returned; "shall always bear it in remembrance. Be in no way concerned about me. I've seen my error, and am now a different man."

"I hope and trust you are. Now, Peace," said the young engineer, in a more serious and persuasive tone, "let me conjure you, let me beg of you, never to fall into a similar error. It must have been the arch-fiend who tempted you to commit such a monstrous act."

"Say no more about it. Let it be forgotten. You have been in no way compromised, I hope?"

"I must tell you frankly that I found myself in such a terrible scrape when the police arrived that I was constrained to do more for you than I have ever done for myself. I had to tell a most deliberate falsehood; but let that pass. You will, I am sure, be mindful of your promise. You are young, possess ability, and may yet win a good position in life. But do not be tempted. If you are in want of money at any time, drop me a line, and what I can spare in the way of a loan for a short time, you are welcome to. Only do not, I charge you, attempt to rob or plunder. I am sure I wish to be everything that's kind to you; but lately I have heard things which seem to strike me with horror."

"What have you heard?"

"I will not pain you by repeating."

"Oh, don't mind that. The plain truth is at all times the best. What have you heard?"

"Well, then, if you must know, the police informed me that there had been several burglaries committed by a person answering to your description."

"And surely you are not fool enough to believe such a statement. They always say that. They think it so clever. My description, indeed! They won't tell me so."

"I don't mean a description as you now appear, but as you were on that dreadful night."

Peace laughed. "Ah, I see," he muttered. "Why, I wonder even you knew me, disguised as I was."

"I wonder myself."

"Would they know me now, do you think?"

"Not at all likely, I should say."

"And Aveline Maitland—what of her?" inquired Peace, in an altered tone, for as he inquired a sudden pang seemed to shoot through his frame.

"What of her?" repeated Gatliffe. "Why do you inquire?"

"Don't be jealous; she is nothing to me."

"I'm not likely to be jealous."

"You are engaged to her?"

"Yes, I am."

"I thought so. Well, I wish you every happiness—that's all I have to say; but a short time since she drove me to desperation—I did not much care whether I lived or died; now that is past—I'm getting over it."

"You'll not forget all I have said, neither will you forget your promise—and so, farewell," said Gatliffe, with a nod, as he took a somewhat abrupt departure.

"Farewell," repeated Peace. "My ways are not your ways," he added, when the engineer was out of earshot.

"Hang it all! what can be the reason of Bessie's silence? Two letters unanswered—something must be up. Has she turned against me?"

This thought seemed to a little depress him; not that he had any right to expect anything else, seeing that he had neglected her in a most heartless manner He reflected for some little time, and then said:

"I shall have to go over to Bradford, I expect—that's what I shall have to do. Bessie's a sharp, clever girl, and I mustn't lose sight of her. A plague upon that drunken brute, Bristow! Had it not been for him I should not have had occasion to leave Bradford."

His soliloquy was brought to a close by a female addressing him by his Christian name. It was his mother, who, with all his faults, regarded him with a glance of fond affection.

"Well, Charlie, you rover, now I have found you I don't intend to let you go," said the old lady playfully. "You must come along with me."

"Where to?"

"Where do you suppose? You must come home. Surely you can spare your poor mother a little of your company?"

"All right, then; homewards we will go," cried Peace, leading the way in the direction of his parent's house.

CHAPTER XV.

Peace's misgivings with regard to Bessie Dalton were not without foundation. To say the truth, she had become duly impressed with the fact that he was intensely selfish.

A number of circumstances conspired to convince her of this, and what liking she had for him at one time was now very considerably diminished.

Bessie was quick-witted, clever in many ways, and was withal kindly disposed. Certainly at this time, at all events, she could not be considered cold or heartless

But there were other and more cogent reasons for her failing to communicate with Peace. These will be made manifest in the course of this chapter:

Bristow went from bad to worse. His desire for drink became insatiable—indeed, it might with truth be designated a disease. Unhappily for himself and those belonging to him, it appeared to be a disease that was incurable.

For days together this miserably-besotted wretch would be in a state of intoxication.

He had several associates who were nearly as bad as himself. The consequence attendant upon the fatal propensity may easily be guessed. His work was neglected. By degrees his apartments were stripped of everything he could turn into money, and his unhappy wife led a life in comparison to which that of a galley slave was an enviable state of existence.

He had become an incorrigible and irreclaimable inebriate. He returned after a debauch of some hours' duration to his miserable lodgings at Bradford. He had spent what little money he had about him. This it was that caused him to leave the pot-house and bend his steps homewards

As a rule he seldom came back till past midnight. His industrious little wife, who worked for the trade, was plying her needle and thread when her husband entered.

"What, John!" she ejaculated, in a tone of surprise; "you're early."

"Am I?" he ejaculated, flinging himself into a chair. "S'pose I am—what of that? I'm not wanted—is that it?"

It was very evident from his tone of voice, as well as his manner, that he was in a quarrelsome mood.

His wife made no reply, but kept on with her work.

"You're a deal too good for me, you are," he muttered. "Pity you threw yourself away upon me."

Still no reply.

"D'yer hear what I am sayin'?" shouted out the ruffian, in a louder tone.

"Of course I do."

"Then why don't you answer?"

"I have answered."

"No, yer haven't, leastways not in a proper manner. D'yer think I'm a stock or a stone? Curse it, you're always at work—always."

"I suppose there's no harm in that."

"I say there is," he returned, with a nod.

He was bent upon fastening a quarrel upon the woman, but did not know very well how to begin.

"I'll put my work on one side, then," said his wife.

"Oh, go on. Don't mind me. I'm nobody. Haven't been anybody for a long time past."

Here he burst out into an idiotic laugh.

Seeing the mood he was in, his wife abstained from making any observation. This had the effect of aggravating him.

"Has that fellow been here to-day?" he inquired.

"Who do you mean?"

"That mealy-mouthed sneaking chap. You know who I mean well enough."

"No, he has not, or at any rate if he has I have not seen him."

"Ugh! not seen him, indeed. I don't believe it. It's a lie."

"You can say what you like, and believe what you like, for the matter of that."

"Don't you give me any of your cheek, my lady. I ain't a-going to stand it. Do you hear?"

"Yes."

"Very well, mind what you are about. I'm not a fool. I know all about your little capers. I say he has been here."

"If he has it was without my knowledge."

"Silence. Don't contradict me; I won't stand it!" exclaimed the ruffian, bringing his fist down upon the table with violence. "You're not going to gammon me, mind you that."

He rose to his feet and moved towards the fireplace. After looking on the mantel-piece he went to a chest of drawers which stood at the farther end of the room. He opened one drawer after the other, and in one of the small top ones he discovered a paper packet which contained a few shillings in silver.

He drew it forth, and was about to thrust it in his pocket when his wife sprang forward and grasped his hand.

"John!—John!" she ejaculated, in a tone of terror; "what would you do? Give it to me."

"I shan't do anything of the sort."

"It is not yours. It is my hard earnings, and it's all I've got to pay the rent. If you meddle with it we shall be turned into the street—you know that as well as I do."

"Let go, I say!" he ejaculated. "I'll soon show you who is master here. Let go, will yer?"

"No, I will not. You cannot be so cruel as to rob me of this!"

"Cruel!—rob!" he cried, in a fury. "Leave the matter to me. I'll pay the rent when it suits me."

Here he burst out into another mocking laugh.

"John," said his wife, in a beseeching tone, "you are not going to serve me like this. You shall not spend this money in drink, not if I die for it."

"Oh!—oh! indeed. You are likely to die, let me tell you that, if you don't mind what you are about."

Mrs. Bristow was in an agony of despair. She knew perfectly well that if she suffered her husband to depart with her little hoard there would not be the most remote chance of her seeing it again.

She clung to her husband with a firmness which fairly astonished him.

"You shall not take away the money, John. I tell you you shall not have it. Give it me back at once."

"Get out; don't talk to me, woman!" exclaimed Bristow. "Leave go, or it will be worse for you."

"I will not leave go; I will call for assistance."

He endeavoured to shake her off, but she was wound up to a pitch of desperation, and would not part with him. He dragged her across the room and strove to reach the door.

Seeing his intent, she put out all her strength to detain him.

"Let go, I say!" he shouted out, in a stentorian voice.

Once more he strove to shake her off. Not succeeding in this, he struck her in the face, and tore her garments from her back.

He struck her several blows after this, and finally succeeded in flinging her from him. Then with the howl of a wild beast he rushed towards the door; in doing so the side of his body came in contact with a small dressing-table, upon which was a looking-glass.

The table was upset, one of its legs was broken, and the plate of the glass was shivered into fragments. Then Bristow rushed out of the house.

His wife sat on the side of the bed, sobbing convulsively.

Thus ended a scene—the accumulated horrors of which we have purposely avoided giving in all their full detail.

Bruised and bleeding from the effects of the blows inflicted by her husband, the wretched woman cried as if her heart was about to break.

"Ugh! the drunken, good-for-nothing beast!" she ejaculated; "and has it come to this?"

"It has. I only wish he had killed me outright—then there would have been an end to my misery. As it is there does not appear to be any end to it."

"But you must leave him. It would be worse than madness to remain longer with such a ruffian. How did it occur?"

"He came back, much to my surprise, much earlier than usual. He had been drinking heavily, that I saw at a glance, and did all he could to aggravate me; but I was determined not to lose my temper if I could help it. He then got up and searched about the room and opened all the drawers, in one of which he found the silver I had put by to pay Parker two weeks' rent. He threatened to turn us into the street unless we paid."

"And what then?"

"He snatched hold of the paper which contained the money, and was about to thrust it in his pocket, and because I tried to get it from him he became furious. He has beaten me most unmercifully, as you see."

HE STRUCK HER SEVERAL BLOWS.

Very soon after Bristow's departure Bessie Dalton, upon her return from the factory, let herself in with the latch-key. As she entered the passage she heard sobs and sighs proceeding from the back parlour. She was at no loss to divine that something was amiss.

Opening the door of the room, she was appalled at beholding Mrs. Bristow seated on the side of the bed in a terrible plight. The clothes were torn off her back, so that the upper portion of her person was nearly in a state of nudity. Her lip was swollen, her nose was bleeding, and one eye was in an incipient state of blackness.

To add to the horrors of the scene the furniture was upset, and the miserable apartment gave unmistakable evidence of the violent scene which had just taken place.

"For mercy's sake, do tell me what's the matter?" exclaimed Bessie Dalton.

"Oh, don't ask me—don't speak to me!" answered the wretched wife. "I wish I was dead!—I wish I had never seen that inhuman wretch!"

"It is as I guessed. Then Bristow has been here. It is he who has done all this. But do bear up, dear—bear up," said Bessie, going at once for a basin of water, with which she washed the bruised and bleeding face of her companion.

"If you live any longer with this infamous man you will have yourself only to blame. Go away this very night. Do not remain another hour under the same roof with such a diabolical wretch."

"Where can I go?"

"Anywhere. Do you suppose that I would remain if I was in your position? Ah, dear, you are too meek and mild. He should have me to deal with."

"You could do nothing with him. Nobody could. He's past cure, Bessie. At one time I had some hopes of reclaiming him—now I have none."

"He'll never be any better," said Bessie Dalton. "That I have seen and known for a long time past. He's a lost man."

"Ah!" ejaculated Mrs. Bristow, "it was an ill-fated day when I first set eyes upon him. I was warned and cautioned by those who knew him better than I did; but like a fool I was heedless of their warning. I've paid the penalty of my obstinacy. Many a time I have prayed to be released from this odious thraldom, while at other times I have contem-

plated flight. Now I am resolved. I will no longer live with him, not under any circumstances."

"Well spoken. I am glad to hear these words fall from your lips, dear," said Bessie, putting her arms round the neck of her companion and kissing her fondly. "Your words give me hope and comfort. Do not change your determination. Go this very night. Go at once."

"But look at me. See how I am disfigured! What will people think of me?"

"Let them think what they like. Tell the truth; you've nothing to be ashamed of."

"What have I done that I should be punished thus?" murmured Mrs. Bristow.

"You've been too easy with him."

"Ah, Bessie! don't say that. It's all very well for a woman to talk about controlling a drunken man. It is quite impossible. Do what you will, treat him with harshness or kindness, the end is the same. But too well I know that."

"Well, I'll not vex you by offering any further observations upon that subject. Doubtless you know best. One thing, however, you can do."

"What is that?"

"Why, leave him. Take a situation far away from this town. I would rather beg my bread in the public streets than subject myself to the brutality of such a ruffian."

"You are quite right, Bessie. Such a course is the more bearable one of the two."

"Suppose he should come back, how then?" said Bessie, in a tone of alarm.

"Ah! he will not come back till he's spent the whole or the greater portion of the money. There's no fear of that."

"To say the truth, I don't think there is. But how he's knocked about the things," said Bessie, glancing at the overturned table and the broken glass.

"He upset them as he went out. The looking-glass is broken. That is a fatal sign. No luck in this house after that."

"Don't be superstitious," cried the girl, lifting up the table, and endeavouring to replace it in its position.

"It won't stand, dear. One of the legs is broken," said Mrs. Bristow.

"Never mind."

Her companion propped it up as best she could. Then she stooped down and began to pick up the pieces of the glass which had fallen from the frame.

These she placed on the table.

She then lifted up the glass. As she did so something met her eye. It appeared to be a thin piece of paper, which had been concealed between the plate of the glass and the wooden back.

"Mercy on us! what is this?" exclaimed Bessie.

She drew out the paper and held it forth. Then, with a sudden scream, exclaimed, in a hissing whisper:

"A hundred pound note!"

"Heavens above! what do you mean?" cried the miserable wife.

"Well, seeing's believing," answered her companion. "I'm not much of a judge of these matters, but if I am not mistaken, this is a genuine Bank of England note for one hundred pounds."

"How came it there? This looks like sorcery. Ah! Bessie dear, you are playing me some trick. It cannot be."

"But, my dear, it is. Look here." She drew towards the side of the bed and placed the note in the hands of Mrs. Bristow.

"Well, this is most wonderful—most incomprehensible. Can you account for it?" said the latter.

"Indeed, I cannot. Where did you get this glass from?"

"Bought it at a broker's shop in the town."

"Give the note to me, I'll take charge of it," cried Bessie, clapping her hands.

"Yes, you had better do so; but, I say, dear, suppose it should be a forged one?"

"Oh, lor! I never thought of that; but I've no doubt we shall find it all right enough."

"Let us hope so."

"You have given me your word that you will leave this very night," said the girl. "You are not going to break it?"

"No! Oh, dear no."

"You are sure of that?"

"Certainly. What makes you think otherwise?"

"Never mind my thoughts. Swear that you will leave this place. If you refuse——"

"Well, what if I refuse?"

"I will burn this note before your very eyes," exclaimed Bessie Dalton, holding it over the fire.

"What would you do? Are you mad, Bessie?"

"Swear!" ejaculated the girl.

"If it's any satisfaction, I do swear. In the name of the most High and Mighty, I pledge myself to leave this house to-night."

"And never to return to it from your own free will."

"And never to return to it from my own free will."

"That is enough. Now I feel assured that you are in earnest. So am I, for I tell you plainly that I shall not rest till I see you out of the house."

"Upon my word, you appear in a monstrous hurry to get rid of me."

"No matter about that. You'll have to go, and it's no use making long faces about it. Come, dear, put your things together, and we'll away at once."

"We! Are you going, then, as well?"

"I purpose bearing you company for to-night, at all events."

"And whither are we to go?"

"Leave that to me. I have an old friend who lives but a few miles hence. We can stop with her for to-night, and in the morning we shall have a little leisure to arrange our plans for the future."

"You're a brave girl, Bessie; I wish I had your nerve," said Mrs. Bristow, who proceeded at once to look up several garments which were necessary for her immediate use.

Bessie Dalton went upstairs to her own apartment, and brought therefrom a capacious carpet bag, which she handed to her companion.

"Put all you want in the bag," said the latter, "and bid adieu for ever to this miserable place, in which you have suffered so much."

"I intend to do so—rest assured of that."

While the unhappy wife was thus engaged her companion once more proceeded to examine the shattered looking-glass.

As yet she had but taken a curious glance at the article in question. Now she made a more searching and minute inspection of it.

She removed the remains of the plate from its front and then uttered an expression of surprise and wonder. The back was literally lined with Bank of England notes.

Bessie's head seemed to swim as she made this unlooked-for discovery.

"Heaven be merciful to us!" she exclaimed. "See here, there are more of them—a whole heap."

"What!" ejaculated Mrs. Bristow, whose heart was by time time beating audibly. "I feel as if about to swoon."

"Bear up, dear," said her friend. "You have nothing to fear, but everything to hope. Here are several notes for a thousand pounds. You are an independent woman, and the possessor of fabulous wealth. Be of good cheer. A bright future is before you. Now we know what to do."

"I feel quite overcome—completely prostrated. Can it be? Is it possible? Or is it all deception?"

"Never you mind, we shall soon be able to ascertain all about this wondrous gift presented to us—or rather to you—by Dame Fortune. I tell you there are notes for thousands, and you are rich—immensely rich."

"I find it hard to believe."

"No matter, you will soon believe it."

"But where, in the name of all that's wonderful, can all these riches have come from?" said Mrs. Bristow, passing her hand across her aching forehead.

"Will you leave the matter in my hands?"

"Of course I will."

"Very well, then; so be it. There is a mystery about this affair which neither of us for the present can fathom—that we may take for granted; but the property belongs to you, and for the present I will take charge of it."

"Ah! do so. You are much more quick-witted and clever than I am, and I need hardly say I would trust you with my life."

Bessie Dalton folded up the notes, flew upstairs again to her own room, and returned with a pocket-book.

In this she carefully placed the notes, and then thrust the pocket-book in her bosom.

"So," she ejaculated, "they are safe for the present—safe until we can learn something more about them and their real value. Now, are you ready to leave?"

"Yes; but—ahem!—I——"

"Well, what?"

"Hadn't I better write a letter to John, bidding him farewell for ever?"

Bessie shrugged her shoulders, and smiled.

"It's more than he deserves," she said; "but, as you wish it, do so."

(To be continued.)

MARTIN DOYLE, BRUTE,

The Last Person Executed in England for the Crime of Attempted Murder.

"Compact of lechery and rage,
Of murder, lust, and hate,
Sure, ne'er a wretch in any age
So well deserved his fate."
—MITCHELL.

IN these days of humanitarian doctrines, when execution of even the vilest murderers is deprecated by a large section of the community, it is hardly possible to understand that so lately as forty-two years ago a man was sentenced to death and hanged for a crime, the object of which was not wholly consummated. Yet at Chester Assizes, in the month of August, of the year 1861, a brute (we hardly care to call him a man) was duly brought to the scaffold for one of the most horrible attacks upon a woman which have ever come within the cognisance of the law.

Justice Crompton was the judge, and his verdict was so popular that the whole nation seconded him in awarding death to the monster whose outrageous deed had brought his victim to the very gates of death. The Home Secretary, too, was implacable. Death was the verdict pronounced, and death must follow without the interference of the Crown. There was practically no appeal made against the pronouncement of the Bench. The thrill of horror which ran through the land as the ghastly details were revealed closed up the pores of pity, and sympathy recoiled from the prisoner as the blood recoils from a serpent. No hope of reprieve was held forth to the ruffian in the condemned cell, and it may be said that he expected no mercy. For the first few days he sullenly awaited his doom, but when the near approach of the noose became appreciable his callous demeanour gave way to an abject remorse, and Doyle howled in an impotent repentance.

This wretch never actually denied his crime. His victim lived, and her appearance alone, had she never uttered a word of accusation, was enough to have convicted the miscreant on the spot. Never in the whole course of justice in England, perhaps, has a prosecutrix entered a witness-box in such pitiable plight as did Jane Brogine, the almost murdered paramour of Martin Doyle.

Although the deed had been perpetrated three months before, the unhappy woman's head, face, and neck were still swathed in bandages. She trembled in every limb, and her voice was so weak that it scarcely rose above a whisper. Her poor, claw-like hands were now and then raised as if to ward off imaginary blows, or stretched forth appealingly to the judge. At sight of her the pulses of strong men beat more quickly and the eyes of women grew humid. Vile and unprincipled as she self-confessedly was, the hearts of the spectators in that court of justice went out to her.

There were many women present. Many of them would, perchance, have called themselves "ladies." They craned their necks out of lace kerchiefs to catch a glimpse of the terrible object that, nevertheless, claimed sex with themselves. Opera-glasses were focussed upon the prosecutrix, and gold-rimmed eye-glasses were raised to bright eyes to gaze upon that battered remnant of humanity, who came to tell as gruesome a tale as ever humanity listened to.

And this was what she told between intervals of strong restoratives, administered to keep up her strength, the splash of water on her wounded forehead, and the unremitting attention of a surgeon at her side.

Twelve months before she had left her husband to join the prisoner in his nomadic existence, tramping about the country. She did so of her own free will because the prisoner was a younger man than her husband, and she liked him better. (Oh, frailty of woman!) Doyle was a bit of a scholar, too, and could read and write well, as, indeed, she could herself, not having been born or brought up "upon the road," but taking to it from a predilection for a wandering life. The letters produced in court were written from her to him and from him to her in the days before she left her old man, and the court could see they were not the productions of an illiterate pair. Inclination for a vagabond life seemed to be a tie between them. Doyle was lazy to the backbone, but Jane, if indolent and reckless in herself, was alive to the fact that indolence in her companion did not tend to bring sufficient grist to the mill to make things comfortable. For a whole year Doyle had done no regular work. The couple had no recognised means of subsistence. They shifted hither and thither from day to day, existing upon what they could pick up in their wanderings. Starvation dogged their heels, and Jane became dissatisfied with their lot. She grumbled and murmured, and very likely nagged her companion, pressing upon him the necessity of obtaining work.

At first Doyle had been kind in his manner to the woman who had come to share his welfare with hers. Gradually, however, things had been growing unpleasant. Money was difficult to pick up, and want was a hard taskmaster. Alone, Doyle had been able to find a living of some sort, but with Jane to provide for he began to realise the adage that "when a man's married his trouble begins." Dark thoughts entered into his mind. He had no stomach for toil, and Jane was constantly urging upon him her right to be supported by his earnings. This made him morose and sulky, and he began secretly to wonder if there were no means by which he could relieve himself of the female incubus which was causing him so much annoyance. He dissembled to the woman, and appeared to agree to her solicitations that he should obtain something to do for their mutual support.

With this object in view they started forth towards the town of Newcastle-under-Lyme in Staffordshire. It was May, the most treacherous month of the year, and the weather was not of the brightest. April, the month of smiles and tears, seemed to have carried her influence onward into her successor. Rain fell in torrents at frequent intervals, the spaces between being enlivened by cheery glimpses of sunshine. They were often drenched by the wet, and this did not improve the temper of either. Already burdened with the prospect of physical labour, which was sorely against his grain, Doyle tramped silently forward, with the woman hanging on his footsteps.

In this wise they left a place called Holmes Chapel on the morning of May 30, and after passing through the Linley Lane toll-gate they were overtaken by a shower. Thereupon they took shelter under a tree in a hollow by the roadside. Jane complained of a headache, and they sat down to rest themselves, the man drawing the head of his companion on to his lap.

It was a Judas-like proceeding, for already in his soul was simmering the idea which he was shortly to put in force. All unsuspectingly, the confiding victim fell asleep, and so, to all appearances, did the brooding villain. According to the statement of the woman, she had been sleeping for about an hour when she was awakened by the pressure of the man's hand upon her head as he leaned forward in his slumber.

"Move, Martin," she said, "your weight is hurting my head, and you are crushing my bonnet out of all shape."

Emitting an inarticulate grunt in reply, he got up and stretched himself.

"I'm going into the road to see what the weather's likely to be," he observed, and with that he clambered up the embankment and disappeared.

Jane also arose and shook out her soddened and clinging garments.

In about three minutes Doyle returned with a great stone in his hand. Without uttering a word, he flung the jagged missile at the woman's head, felling her like a heifer at a blow of the pole-axe.

When the poor creature was down, he jumped upon her chest, and kneeling there, grasped her by the throat, forcing her tongue out of her mouth.

"Mercy, Martin! mercy!" gasped the nearly strangled victim. "For the love of God, spare me! spare me!"

But the hardened scoundrel mocked her, laughing at her agony.

"Oh, Martin," she panted, "if you mean to kill me, put me out of my misery at once! This is awful!"

At that he caught up the stone he had felled her with, and began battering her face and head with the most determined fury.

Feeling the jagged surface of the stone cutting into her face "like an oyster-shell," Brogine exclaimed in terror that her eyes were coming out of her head.

"D——n you!" swore the ruffian. "What care I for your eyes, or for yourself either?"

At length, believing that the life had been beaten out of his victim, the villain got off her chest, saying, "Now, you ——, you are done."

Perceiving, however, on examination, that she still breathed, he mounted her chest again as before, and hammered her head again with the stone until she was almost suffocated in her own blood. To make his murderous intent more fully manifest, the brute now said:

great open patches, and in the most severe there was a star fracture of the skull.

The two surgeons who attended her stated at the trial that her recovery was most miraculous. Never had either of them seen such a brutal case, even in a county so notorious at that time for deeds of violence as Cheshire, and the appearance of the prosecutrix fully testified to the accuracy of their evidence.

When Jane Brogine had concluded her evidence in court, the prisoner, in the most unabashed manner, commenced to cross-examine her. He led her through the particulars of her past life, eliciting from her a confession of gross immorality. She acknowledged that she had been afflicted with the worst of venereal diseases, and that she had given it to her husband. She admitted that she had been a prostitute of the most abandoned type, and that she had not always been faithful to him; but at the same time she asserted that he was fully aware of her shortcomings, and that he had even shared in the money she had received from men.

"MERCY, MARTIN! MERCY!" GASPED THE NEARLY STRANGLED VICTIM.

"Jane, say no more. I intend to have your life. I came for it, and I will have it."

He then renewed once more the dreadful blows with the stone, until life a second time appeared to be extinct. Being satisfied that this time he had accomplished his diabolical purpose, he got off the body, and finally left the spot.

Strange to say, the woman retained her consciousness until the moment of the scoundrel's departure, when she fainted. Recovering from the swoon, she lay for some time listening, not daring to move lest the ruffian should be still lurking about the place.

Presently a cart came along the road, and she shouted for help; but her cry was too feeble to be heard, and the cart was passing on, when, by a desperate effort, she crawled up the bank and placed herself in the way. Seeing the horrible condition she was in, the occupants of the vehicle placed her in the bottom of it with every care, and drove to the nearest village, where her injuries were seen to.

For a long time she hovered between life and death. Twelve of the wounds upon her head and face were of the most dangerous character, one on the head being the worst of all. In every one of the twelve the flesh and ligaments had been cut through, the bone having been laid bare in

Again and again the judge remonstrated with the prisoner upon the manner of his cross-examination, but the wretch persisted in heaping the most cruel taunts upon the unhappy woman. Not once did he touch upon any point relative to the charge against him, but with a deliberate malevolence tortured the unfortunate creature upon whom he had wreaked such a fiendish vengeance, until at last her strength utterly failed her, and she was borne from the precincts of the court in a dead faint.

There can be no doubt that this conduct on the part of the prisoner strongly influenced the jury against him, as it shocked the ears of everyone who listened; but nothing could be done to compel him to desist from the course he had adopted, and he seemed absolutely to revel in the anguish he produced in the mind of the woman who was at his mercy.

At one stage of the proceedings a shudder ran through the whole court, when three blood-stained stones were produced. With the most callous indifference Doyle took up the sharpest of the three.

"That's the one I done it with," he said, turning the edge towards the jury, and then holding it up so that all might see it, grinning horribly all the time.

The evidence of the constable who arrested him was in-

teresting. When he was taken the prisoner freely confessed his crime, stating that he had tried to kill the woman because she had infected him with a certain complaint, and because she wanted him to work to support her. The first portion of this statement, was, however, controverted by the medical testimony, which proved that, though Doyle had at one time been salivated, he was then entirely free from disease.

When called upon for his defence, the prisoner repeated at great length, and with some considerable address, his defamation of the woman, but did not attempt to deny his own criminal act.

The sole question for the jury to decide was with what intent the deed was committed. They at once found the prisoner guilty of wounding with intent to murder, and Justice Crompton assumed the black cap.

"Martin Doyle," he said, "you have been found guilty of the most atrocious crime I ever knew. It is with great sorrow, but not without anxious deliberation, that I have come to the conclusion that I should not be doing my duty to the public if I did not pass sentence of death upon you. With the greatest deliberation you planned and committed the fearful act for which your life is now forfeited. You have awfully injured, and probably even yet fatally, the woman with whom you lived as your wife. With her head reclining upon your lap you meditated this crime; you inflicted twenty-one awful wounds with those fearful instruments—the stones you picked up for that purpose. I now sentence you to be taken hence to the place from whence you came, and there be hanged by the neck until you are dead; and may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

Although it had not at that time been the practice to carry into execution a sentence of death where the crime had fallen short of actual murder, the circumstances of this wretch's deed were so heartless and cruel that the Secretary of State, with the full support of public opinion, refused to commute the sentence, and the barbarous ruffian was executed on the 27th August, 1861.

First Civil Trial by Jury.

It may be interesting to learn that the first trial by jury in civil cases in Scotland took place on January 22, 1816, at Edinburgh. The Lord Chief Commissioner presided, and made a speech in which he expatiated on the value and usefulness of juries and the general importance of the new regulations.

A Prisoner's Magnanimity.

In the year 1795 the Rev. William Hardy was tried for and convicted of high treason, his case exciting great sympathy on account of his situation in life as a clergyman of the Established Church, his good character and strict honour, but still more from the circumstance of his being betrayed by an infamous attorney in whose friendship he felt the greatest confidence, but who urged him to the crime in order that he might receive the reward of his betrayal.

During Mr. Hardy's confinement he was treated with great indulgence, and was given permission to see his friends. A short time before his trial one of these remained with him to a very late hour one night, and when he was about to depart Mr. Hardy accompanied him as far as the place where the gaoler usually waited upon such occasions until all his prisoners' visitors had retired. They found this official in a sound sleep, and the keys of the prison lying beside him. "Poor fellow!" said Hardy, taking up the keys. "Don't let us disturb him; I have already been too troublesome to him in that way." He accordingly proceeded with his friend to the outer door of the prison, which he opened. Here the facility of escaping naturally struck him; he became deeply agitated, but, after a moment's pause, "I could do it," said he, "but what would be the consequence to you and to the poor fellow within, who has been so kind to me? No; let me rather meet my fate." He said no more, but, locking the prison door, again returned to his apartment. It should be added that the gentleman for whom such an opportunity was sacrificed gave proof upon this occasion that he deserved it, as he never uttered a syllable to dissuade his unfortunate friend, although he knew the consequences in which the escape would involve himself. He, however, considered the temptation to be so irresistible that, expecting to find the prisoner, upon further thought, availing himself of it, he remained all night outside the prison door, with the intention, if Mr. Hardy should escape, of instantly flying with him from Ireland.

Mr. Hardy's fate was a melancholy one. On the morning that he was brought up to receive sentence, he took poison, and actually fell dead in the dock. He had previously beckoned to his counsel, Mr. Curran, to come to him, and, making an effort to squeeze him with his limp and nerveless hand, uttered in a whisper, and with a smile of mournful triumph, the dying words of Pierre:

"We have deceived the Senate."

CHAPTER XII.

BLOWING FROM GUNS.—SHOOTING.—THE KNOUT.—THE SLAYING OF DAMIENS AS A FINALE.

Besides the large number of what may be called standard modes of taking life, which we have already described, there are also a host of other means which from time to time have been employed, or have been ordered by courts, to meet special cases. In England, for instance, there was the "hanging, drawing, and quartering," so often inflicted on those who had been found guilty of treason, and which was common enough in Elizabethan times. Indeed, that "virgin" monarch was specially fond of condemning those who differed with her in matters of religion to be cruelly tortured as well as slain.

For a good account of this barbarous punishment we have only to glance through the annals of the religious orders which were persecuted in England in the days of Queen Elizabeth to find sufficient to sicken even the strongest stomach.

The general method of carrying out a sentence of hanging, drawing, and quartering was as follows: The prisoner was laid on a rough wooden hurdle, which was attached to a horse, and on this primitive vehicle he was dragged from his prison to the place of execution. All the time he was making this last sad journey the people reviled him, cast stones at him, and bespattered him with filth from the roads. Strong, indeed, must have been the man who was not nearly dead with exhaustion when he arrived at the foot of the scaffold on which he was to suffer the remainder of his sentence. There, if he were to die for conscience sake, he was met by several preachers of the creed diametrically opposed to his own, who pestered him with questions and distorted his replies to amuse the common people and afford the sycophants who surrounded the throne subject matter for congratulating the monarch on the wisdom of her selection of ministers.

It having been considered time to proceed with the punishment, the wretched man was brought beneath the gallows and bidden look upon the brazier on which was seething a cauldron of pitch, the huge butcher's block on which his limbs were soon to be severed, and the cleavers and knives with which his flesh was to be rent. After this foretaste of his agony he was permitted to pray for a few moments, providing he was able to do so, in spite of the ribald interruptions of the attendant preachers. Then he was forced to ascend the ladder, and the hangman placed the noose around his neck.

But a small drop was allowed, lest the shock should kill the malefactor, and he should miss the deliciæ of the remainder of his penalty. The ladder was turned, and the unfortunate "traitor" swung for a few minutes, strangling, from the beam.

Then the sheriff, or whoever was in charge of the execution, gave the signal, and the rope was cut, the victim falling heavily on the floor of the scaffold. In a trice the bloody executioners were upon him, some holding him down, others stretching out his limbs to give the chief ghoul full play. Armed with a murderous-looking knife, the chief executioner then ripped up the abdomen of the semi-conscious culprit, and with his hands drew out the entrails. The crowd looked on delighted, applauding the efforts of the hangman to reach the sufferer's heart. It is recorded that more than one of the priests who were so cruelly done to death at Tyburn actually spoke to the executioner who was groping about in their vitals in search of their hearts. The scaffold ran with blood; the assistant butchers reeked of it; the smell of the gore was as incense to the nostrils of the preachers, who

watched with fiendish glee the torments inflicted in the name of religion. At last the hangman got hold of the heart of the poor creature, now nearly dead, and drew it out, thus ending the life and sufferings of the malefactor. The people rejoiced, and cheered the bloody wretches as they heaped the entrails on the brazier to make the flesh of the poor criminal aid in heating the pitch in which his limbs were to be steeped.

The next proceeding was to hoist the corpse up on to the butcher's block and sever the limbs and head from the trunk by blows with the cleaver. That done, all the fragments were dipped in the boiling pitch to preserve them, and then were despatched to various parts of the country to be exposed in public places as warnings to others. Occasionally by a refinement of cruelty a portion of a murdered priest was sent to his friends, accompanied by some witticism, much as the great landowner of to-day might send a present of game to a friend or a retainer.

In the days of the Georges the drawing and quartering were abolished, but it will still be remembered that the Cato Street conspirators, with Arthur Thistlewood at their head, were decapitated outside Newgate after they had hanged until they were dead. Popular rumour said that a young doctor was commissioned to sever the heads, but, as a matter of fact, popular rumour was wrong. As a matter of fact, Mr. Sheriff Parkin, who was responsible for the carrying out of the execution, got hold of a resurrectionist, who had been in the habit of cutting off the heads of dead bodies for the medical students of several hospitals, and bribed him to officiate on the scaffold. The man asked a very stiff price, and stipulated that he should be permitted to wear a mask. His price was paid, and he appeared heavily veiled with crape.

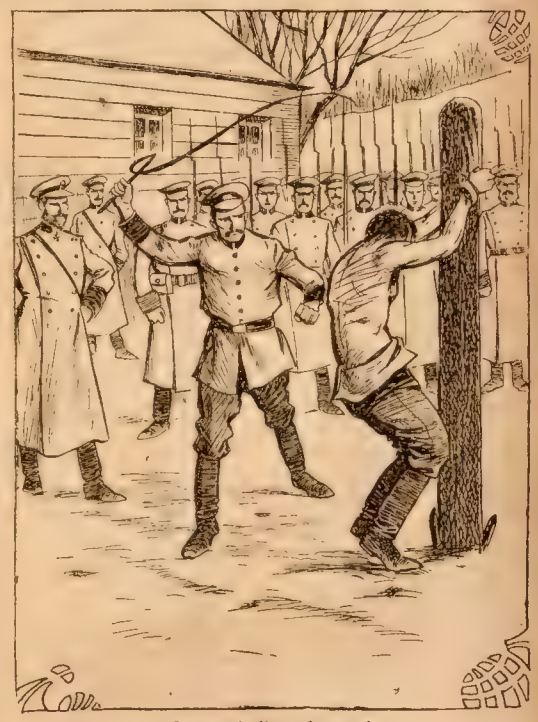
Shooting may be considered a legal mode of executing people in time of war. Very little delay is permitted between the sentence being passed and being carried out, for obviously it is impossible for an army in the field to make arrangements for the custody of prisoners for long periods. Nowadays the culprit is spared as much mental torture as is consistent with his crime. If he has been found guilty of gross acts of cruelty or of aggravated murder, then he is generally compelled to dig his own grave before he is shot. If his offence is not quite so heinous, then the grave is prepared before the criminal is led out for execution. Those deputed to witness the execution are drawn up in review order; the Provost Marshal or some other officer reads the finding of the court martial and the sentence proposed. Then he reads the warrant confirming the sentence, and announces to the prisoner that his time has come.

A firing party has been supplied with rifles, some of which, they are told, are loaded with ball and some merely charged with blank cartridge. The victim is marched to the foot of his grave, and either accommodated with a chair or allowed to stand, as he may prefer. The word is given: "Ready! Present! Fire!" A volley rings out, the solitary figure is seen to stagger and fall forward heavily into the pit, and the execution is over. To make sure that all is right the Provost sergeant runs up and discharges his revolver through the brains of the condemned man, but as a rule this is but a needless precaution. The grave is hurriedly filled up, and the troops disperse.

But shooting as a means of execution is not entirely confined to the Army. In the State of Utah to-day the condemned murderer has the option of being hanged or shot. It is not often that the latter alternative is chosen, but a few months ago a criminal elected to meet his death by the rifle bullet in preference to the rope. The mode of carrying out the sentence was curious. The culprit was marched into a room, the greater part of which was draped off by a thick curtain. At a certain point behind this curtain he was stationed, with his back against a pillar. His attendants stepped aside, and the next instant the crash of firearms was heard, and the culprit fell dead. What had happened was this: On the other side of the curtain was a white mark fixed, at the height of the criminal's heart. A party of riflemen was drawn up at the far end of the room, and bidden to take careful aim at the white object. This they did, and as soon as the attendants had stepped clear of their charge a signal was given, and the soldiers fired, of course killing the prisoner instantly.

Allied to shooting is the punishment of being blown from a cannon. This charming form of execution was devised by the British during the Mutiny as a means of punishing traitorous Hindoos. The reason why this comparatively painless end was apportioned to the callous wretches who had tortured our women and children was a religious one. The high-caste Hindu believes that after death he will be transformed into some animal, and so will pass through successive transformations until he is perfectly pure, and will be received into heaven. For this to take place certain rites must be performed over his corpse, which at least must be burned properly or thrown into one of the sacred rivers. After a Hindu has been blown from a gun it is impossible to collect sufficient fragments to enable the necessary rites to be carried out, so it is thought that he has lost all hope of eternal happiness. Painless, therefore, as the actual punishment is, it is far more dreaded than even death by torture.

The English generals were very skilful in their arrangements for carrying out this unique punishment. As a rule, some lofty situation was selected for the cannon to stand on, so that the fragments of human flesh might be spread over as large an area as possible. For instance, at Satara, in the Deccan, seven Brahmins were sentenced to be blown from guns. These Brahmins were very influential folk, and were doing their best to stir up mutiny in Satara. If they had succeeded the whole of the South of India would have risen, as the North did, and the British would have been driven to the sea. As it was, the Brahmins were captured, and early one morning were taken up to the fort, which stands on a lofty rock overlooking the native town. There the fat, whining Hindus were bound securely to the mouths of cannon.



Quite as deadly as the sword.

which were trained to fire over the town. To attract the attention of the natives a preliminary shot was fired from an ordinary howitzer, and its booming brought all the Hindus out of their huts to see what was the matter.

The curling wreaths of smoke around the fort showed them where the sound had come from, and all eyes were riveted on the battlements. The next moment another explosion rent the air, and then a shower of scraps of arms and legs and burnt pieces of flesh fell over the watching mass. To touch the flesh of a corpse brings corruption to the Hindu, so their consternation can be imagined when the air around them was filled with scraps of dead Brahmins. Before they had recovered from their consternation, however, the cannon spoke again, and a second shower fell. The air was thick with torn shreds of bloody flesh again, and the natives cowered shivering on the ground. Seven times that cannon spoke, and seven times the town was polluted with an unspeakable pollution. Then word was sent to the bazaars that the seven leading Brahmins were no more, but had been blown to that hell which was awaiting them, and a strong hint was given that like punishment was in store for any that thought of following in the Brahmins' footsteps. Satara thenceforth was loyal to the British rule, and the words of mutineers had no charm for the Mahrattas.

As a mode of execution, blowing from guns was abolished after the Indian Mutiny, as far as British dominions were concerned, but several of the Native States retained it as a means of striking terror into the hearts of those who would plot against the rajahs. Only a few weeks ago the rajah of a native State blew his Prime Minister from the mouth of a cannon because the wily vizier had been plotting to supplant his master.

Perhaps the knout should not be included in a series dealing with modes of execution, but inasmuch as victims have frequently succumbed under the blows from that fearful instrument, it may be as well if we briefly refer to it here. The knout is a long heavily-weighted whip. The handle is short, about three feet long, but is rather springy. The lash is made of strips of raw hide pressed and bound together until it is of the consistence of board. Wielded by an ordinary man, each blow from this cruel instrument tears strips of flesh from the shoulders and back of the unhappy wight who has been condemned to suffer. The "cat-o'-nine-tails" is harmless compared with this terrible weapon.

Lashings with the knout were formerly the ordinary prelude to a trip to Siberia, and it was intended by the humane Tsars of Russia that by means of this flogging the constitutions of those sent to the mines should be so ruined that they would not long live to be a burden to the State. As many as a hundred and forty-four blows were sometimes ordered, but we may feel certain that in very rare cases did the unhappy prisoner survive such a fearful penalty.

In the hands of a skilful executioner the knout was quite as deadly as the sword, and it is a matter of common knowledge that the relations of the condemned used to bribe the executioner to cause death at the first blow, if they knew that there was no chance of the victim surviving the whole flogging. So clever were the professional floggers that they could make sure of killing the culprit with the first stroke, and then would inflict the remainder of the sentence on the lifeless clay. The outcry raised by civilised nations against Russian barbarities has had much to do with the abolishing of the knout, but there is little doubt that it is still wielded in prisons on the persons of those who are dreaded or hated by the Tsar and his myrmidons.

As a final example of the lengths to which men will go, even when inflicting death in the name of Justice, we will just mention the terrible sentence pronounced and actually inflicted on Damiens, the Frenchman who struck Louis XV. He did not murder the king, but the blade of the short knife which he had in his hand just pricked Louis XV., and that cowardly monarch almost expired of fright. Damiens was at once seized, and the sycophants who surrounded the French king gave vent to their diabolical ingenuity by privately torturing the poor young man, who was undoubtedly mad. M. de Marchault, for instance, held the prisoner's legs before the fire till they were so scorched that the flesh peeled off in strips. Others treated him in the same way. The lieutenant of the Conciergerie then rescued Damiens from these amateur torturers for fear that they should kill the prisoner, and so baulk the people of a spectacle.

DAMIENS ON THE SCAFFOLD.

Damiens was tried, and the following incredible sentence pronounced:

"The court declares that Robert François Damiens is duly convicted of the crime of lèse majesté, divine and human, for the very wicked, very abominable, and very detestable parricide perpetrated on the king's person, and, therefore, condemns the said Damiens to amende honorable before the principal church of Paris, whither he shall be taken in a cart, wearing only a shirt, and holding a taper of the weight of two pounds. Then on his knees he shall say and declare that wickedly and with premeditation he has perpetrated the said very wicked, very abominable, and very detestable parricide, and wounded the king with a knife in the right side, for which he repents and begs pardon of God, the King, and Justice; and, further, the court orders that he then be taken to the Grève, and on a scaffold erected for the purpose that his chest, arms, thighs, and calves be burnt with pincers, his right hand, holding

the knife with which he committed the said parricide, burnt in sulphur; that boiling oil, melted lead, and rosin and wax mixed with sulphur be poured in his wounds, and after that his body be pulled and dismembered by four horses, and the members and body consumed in fire, and the ashes scattered to the winds. The court orders that his property be confiscated to the king's closet; that before the said execution Damiens be subjected to question ordinaire et extraordinaire to make him confess the names of his accomplices. Orders that the house in which he was born be demolished, and that no other building be erected on the spot.

"Decreed by Paret, on March 26, 1757.

"RICHARD."

With that doom ringing in his ears the wretched Damiens was taken off to the dungeons, where he was tortured with the boot, a diabolic instrument, which we have described in the series, "Times of Torture," and then on the appointed day he was taken in a tumbril, for he was too weak to walk, to the great door of the Church of Notre Dame, and there made to kneel in his shirt and avow that he was really sorry for the act which he had committed. After this farce he was solemnly cursed by the clergy, who were disinclined to reconcile him until he was nearer death, but on the remonstrances of one of the officers formal absolution was granted to the poor convict, who was then taken to the Place de Grève to undergo the rest of the sentence.

On the scaffold was a brazier, in which great iron pincers were heated till red hot, and with these portions of the culprit's flesh were nipped out. Damiens did not utter a sound, but gazed fixedly in front of him. When the muscles of his limbs were scored all over with the marks of the pincers the right arm of the doomed man was fastened on a board, and the little knife with which the assault had been committed placed in his nerveless fingers. Molten brimstone was then poured over the hand, which was set on fire. Damiens endured this torment without a murmur.

Cauldrons of boiling oil were then requisitioned, and the gaping wounds made by the pincers and by the torture of the boot liberally treated with this. The melted lead, the burning rosin, and the wax, mixed with sulphur, in turn followed the boiling oil, till it seemed impossible that the unhappy man could have any power of feeling left. Then came the great act. He was laid on the floor of the scaffold, which was quite a low erection, and to each arm and leg a very strong rope was attached, to which horses were fastened. At the given word the horses were whipped up, and they started off in four different directions. Damiens turned a ghastly leaden colour, the perspiration rolled off his forehead. The strain grew greater and greater, the limbs cracked, the joints were dislocated. Still the drivers lashed the horses. At last, with a rending sound, the limbs parted from the trunk, and at length Damiens found relief. He was dead.

The horses were stopped, and the fragments of the poor "anarchist" collected and heaped on the fire, which was watched by the executioners till every particle of the would-be régicide was consumed. Then the ashes were cast out to the winds, and the name of Damiens solemnly blotted out of the records of Paris.

After that specimen of what the mind of man is capable of when it turns to cruelty, we will leave the subject of executions. We have dealt briefly with every important method of killing folk from the very earliest times down to the present day, and we have striven to avoid recounting horrors for horror's sake. Even from the most gruesome subject there is something to be learnt, and from a record of the modes of execution there is much that is instructive to be gathered. There is much of historical interest, much that bears on modern social questions, and much that is indicative of national traits to be culled from a record such as we have given, and we trust that our brief articles have been of interest to our readers.

Cursing the Judge.

THE most hardened murderer as a rule shows some sign of shame or fear or penitence when receiving a sentence which means nothing less to him than the imminence of death.

Daniel Hanley murdered a widow named Lyons, who carried on a small grocery business at Bambring, Wicklow, and was tried and condemned to death for this very brutal crime in March, 1892. On being sentenced, the prisoner declared that he was innocent, and expressed a pious hope that Justice Holmes would meet with a similar doom on the last day. He left the dock cursing the judge in the most outrageous manner.

Diabolical Quintuple Murder by a Bordeaux Postman.

"Are brutal things transferred so to men?
Or men become more savage than the beast?
We see the dog, that kennels in his den
(For only food), obeys his lord's behest."
—GASCOIGNE. "Commendatory Verses."

THE annals of French crime abound in murders of brutal ferocity, but it would be difficult, in all that blood-stained record, to single out a criminal who better deserved the description, "fiend in human form," than Jean Mano. This monster of iniquity, in the year 1872, deliberately slew his grandfather and grandmother, an old couple, aged 60 and 52 respectively, their daughter, who was 32 years of age, and two little girls, aged, respectively, 13 and five years, under circumstances of the most revolting character. At first blush this wholesale slaughter appeared to be utterly motiveless. Mano was a rural postman in the Barp district of Bordeaux, and, for the most part, was prosaic enough to be insignificant. But the country letter-carrier had one besetting sin. He loved "the devil's playthings" too fondly. He was a confirmed gambler, and spent a large proportion of his nights in tempting fortune with the cards and the dice-box. This incurable vice was the cause of continual family quarrels. High words and ominous threats had been heard by the neighbours, none of whom, however, dreamed of the possibility of Jean turning out to be quintuply a murderer of his own flesh and blood. If Mano was mad—and it was contended at the period of the crime that he was—there was terrible method in the homicide's madness.

One dark, starless night Jean betook himself to the barn which adjoined the farmhouse where he and his family dwelt in great discord. He there set up an unearthly howl, for the purpose, it would appear, of luring his victims within reach of the deadly weapon—a sharp hatchet—with which he did them all to death. The noise attracted Marie, the aunt of the murderer, to the spot where he lay in wait for her. Jean struck the woman down remorselessly. Finding that her daughter did not return, her mother went in search of her, only to meet with a similar fate at the same ruthless hands. Having wreaked his vengeance upon these two helpless women, the villain seems to have concealed himself near the door of the farmhouse, and there to have awaited the coming of his grandparent to his death. The old man came out, as Jean had calculated he would. After him stalked Jean stealthily, and, lifting his deadly hatchet, sent it crashing into the brain of the unsuspecting old fellow. How suddenly death had come upon him may be gathered from the fact that when his lifeless body was discovered it was found lying face downwards, and the old man's left hand was in the pocket of his trousers.

Having thus effectually removed the three elder members of the family from his path, the homicidal letter-carrier entered the house and completed his devil's work by murdering the two little girls. Two little boys of eight and three years, by some means or other, escaped the fury of the fiend, and, leaving their beds, dressed and wandered to a neighbouring village, where they told a gruesomely-realistic story of having seen "their dear sisters all covered with blood." The gossips of the district began to recall the quarrels about

THE MURDERS BY JEAN MANO.

Jean's gambling proclivities. The threats which at the time of their utterance were not interpreted too seriously, were remembered. "But, then, why had Jean wrought this hideous butchery?" they asked each other. He had stolen no money from his victims. Was it, then, sheer resentment of the hard things his relatives had said to him concerning his vicious habits? But what a terrible vengeance, ma foi! What had the dear little children done to deserve their horrible fate? Ah! Jean must have been mad, if Jean were the murderer. Thus the neighbours argued and commented to and fro. There were a few—very few—who gave the wretched postman the benefit of whatever little doubt there was in their minds.

There was no living witness of the actual perpetration of any one of the five murders save the assailant of the helpless victims himself. All the circumstantial evidence, of course, went dead against Jean, who was arrested on the terrible charge, and liberated more than once for lack of convincing testimony. The crime and the criminal attracted a great deal of attention all over the Continent. Criminologists and mind-specialists inclined to the theory that Jean must be a homicidal maniac of the most virulent type. Apparently motiveless crimes were epidemic at the period in question, and it was sought by the theorists to prove that hereditary malign influences were accountable for most of them. However that may be, it was clearly established that Mano's ancestors had a clean bill of health in that direction.

Those "mills of the Lord" which grind so "exceeding small" were weaving the meshes of the web in which Jean Mano was finally entangled. Link by link, the chain of circumstance was being forged. The cruel murderer, with all his merciless craftiness, could not silence the still, small voice which ever and anon betrayed its guilty owner. Casual admissions of seemingly insignificant facts coupled with a little deductive reasoning supplied the clues necessary to bring the bloodthirsty Jean to the bar of justice. The theorists continued to rave about the wave of homicidal mania which seemed to be swamping the Continent. Man, said they, is unavoidably an imitative animal, and nowhere is he more prone to the mimetic than in the weird realm of crime. Jean Mano has been devouring the reports of these hideous murders, they contended, and his mind, assisted by the strong feeling of resentment towards his kindred, drove him murder-mad. His "atmosphere," as it was fashionable then to describe the environments of the most heartless, most vain, and most brutal of murderers, was morbid. So said the experts. He was a lunatic, and should be dealt with as a lunatic. The police authorities thought otherwise, and insisted upon the career of a human tiger being brought to a close in such a manner as to deter aspirants for murderous notoriety from imitating his catastrophic example.

"The annals of crime," wrote a contemporary at the time of the Barp massacré, "are at all times as valuable to the social reformer as to the writer of fiction, and, although statisticians assure us that, given a certain condition of society, particular crimes will be committed a given number of times, others of us who are less willing to look upon a man as a machine, worked by some unknown and ungovernable motive power, cannot easily avoid noticing that whereas at one period one crime is prevalent, another sees some equally grave but altogether different crimes in the ascendant. The useful point in all such cases is to determine to what cause is due such particular epidemic."

Reasoning of this kind adapted itself to the case of Mano. But at length the chain of evidence was forged to the last link. Jean Mano was found guilty of one of the most callous, cold-blooded crimes that ever disgraced a nation. The police authorities were compelled to rest satisfied with a partial exaction of the old Mosaic penalty of "a life for a life," since it was not possible to condemn the ferocious Mano to a five-fold death.

Dying Hard.

IN the year 1815, an Irish bricklayer, named Patrick Murphy, was by some means or other cheated out of his property by a clergyman and a lawyer, the latter being a relation of his. He made the usual application for justice, but was unable to obtain any redress. For some time he bore his misfortune with firmness and without complaint, but at length the sense of his injuries pressed so hard upon him that he became desperate, and incensed almost to madness. In this state of mind he went one day to the clergyman's house, and on the latter's presenting himself, shot him dead. He was apprehended, condemned, and led to execution. Every means had been used to prevail on him to confess his crime, but in vain. The fatal cord was round his neck, the last moment approached, and the attendant clergyman once more begged him to make confession of his sin.

"Upon one condition I will comply with your request," said the undaunted criminal. "Let me have but a slap at the lawyer, and then I will confess both my sins at once."

LIFE OF A PRISON WARDER.

IT is populaly supposed that the prison warder is an unbrtunate being who spends most of his life sruggling with refractory prisoners, but as a nere matter of fact, this is quite an erroneous impression. A vindictive prisoner is rather a rarity than the reverse. Most of these unfortunates have sense enough to know that they gain more by good conduct than by giving trouble to the authorities. Even in gaol good conduct is not altogether unremunerative, for there are little favours which the warders and higher officials are able to grant to those who show themselves amenable to the prison authorities. A refractory prisoner is an exception rather than otherwise, and save, perhaps, that an individual may be given to talking at exercise, or may answer rudely when spoken to, there is very little insubordination amongst those who have been politely referred to as His Majesty's guests.

The following is the routine of a warder's duties when in charge of a ward or division of prisoners: At 6 a.m. a bell rings all over the gaol, which signifies that the unhappy inmates have to rise, and the warder goes round to each cell, unlocking the door, and asking if the occupant wishes to see either the doctor, chaplain, or the prison governor. The convicts now take in their clothing, which is placed outside the cells every evening at the hour of retirement, and those whose duty it is to clean the passages, etc., come out as soon as attired, and proceed to work under the watchful eye of the officer in charge of that particular division, or an assistant, if he has one with him. Every prisoner is expected to have his cell clean by 6.30, at which time it is inspected by the warder, and breakfast is served an hour later. Although no toothsome rasher or brown new-laid accompanies the matutinal meal, the prisoner eagerly anticipates its advent, for he is generally famishing by the time it arrives. In taking round the breakfasts to the various cells, the warder is often assisted by one of the well-conducted prisoners, who also helps him in other labour of the kind. From 8 to 8.30 the officers are engaged on their own breakfasts, and at the expiration of that time they parade for inspection by the governor. Then the bell rings for chapel, and while some of the warders go round the prison unlocking the doors of the cells, others station themselves in the wards and passages through which the interesting penitents must pass, in order to see that no irregularities occur, and that the men hold no communication one with the other. The prisoners march to the chapel in files at intervals of three yards, and are obliged to look straight ahead of them, turning their eyes neither to the right nor left.

Chapel concludes just before nine o'clock, and at that time those whose daily duties are confined to outside work are marched before the governor for inspection, and then despatched in relays to their respective employments. The governor now proceeds on a complete investigation of the prison. The door of each cell is thrown open, its occupant stands at attention, and the governor, followed by all the other officers and warders, proceeds along the corridors, on the look-out for any irregularities in prisoners or cells, and occasionally addressing a kindly or timely word to a prisoner. This completed, the governor proceeds to his office, and there any prisoner is permitted to visit him to prefer some request or lodge a complaint, as the case may be, provided that he has given notice of his wish to do so earlier in the morning.

The hour for exercise has now arrived, and the prisoners are marched to the yard, there following each other round in circles, maintaining an equal distance one between the other. Warders are posted at intervals to prevent or report any breach of discipline, and as in most large prisons the numbers of inmates require that two separate parties go out, the warders are often occupied in this way till half-past eleven, the prisoners having each an hour's exercise daily. Dinner is served at an early hour—at a quarter to twelve, to be precise—and from 12 o'clock to 1.20 the officials are engaged in the consumption of their own midday meal.

During the afternoon the warder is engaged on the general work of the gaol, and at half-past five the evening meal, or supper, is served, and the warder's duties for the day are over by six o'clock. In turn, the warders and their assistants "stay in" from six to eight o'clock, collecting the various tools and implements of labour and locking up at eight, when all cells are finally closed for the night.

Leaves from Our Notebook.

An Old-time Punishment.

ON May 11, 1772, the Supreme Council of Douai passed the following sentence on Joseph Deflanders, who robbed and murdered his mistress with a cleaver: "That he should be delivered into the hands of the executioner and carried in a cart through all the public streets of Cambray, with a paper on his breast and back, having this inscription—'A thief and murderer of his mistress'; that, before the principal gate of the parish church of St. Martin he should perform the amende honorable, in his shirt, with his head and feet bare, a cord about his neck, and holding in his hands a lighted taper; this done, that he should be conducted to a scaffold, with a gallows on it; that at the foot of the gallows he should be seated in the very armchair in which his mistress sat when he murdered her; that the executioner should cut off his right hand, and throw it into the fire before his face; that after this he should receive four heavy blows on the shoulders with the same cleaver with which he murdered his mistress; that he should then be hung up by the neck till he was dead; that, two hours after, his body should be cut down, his head severed from his body, and fixed upon a pole without the city, and that the rest of his body should be put into a sack, and buried underneath the pole." This sentence was executed accordingly.

Bloody Judge Jeffreys.

THE notorious Judge Jeffreys was a man rather above than below the average height. His complexion was fair, his face tolerably good-looking, full of a certain briskness, though mixed with an air somewhat malicious and unpleasant. He was a man of tolerable sense, and had by long practice acquired some knowledge of law. He had a pretty large stock of ill-nature and wit, in which lay his greatest excellence, though a very unenvied one. In fine, these were absolutely the two best accomplishments he was master of, and by the help of which, together with his wit, by his brisk, sudden, and sharp interrogatories, he sometimes put falsehood, and, perhaps oftener, truth itself, out of countenance. But that ill-favoured wit which he had lay all on the wrong side; much like that of those unlucky animals all of whose talents lie in trick and mischief.

He said many pleasant things, but very few handsome ones, disgracing all with intolerable railing, mean passions, and perfect Billingsgate, and would commonly, even on the Bench itself, fall into heats, both as to words and actions, not only unworthy of a judge, but even of any prudent man. He seemed to have a great deal of baseness and cruelty in his nature, having a particular delight and relish in harshness and blood, and such things as give horror and aversion to all the rest of mankind. He was in this worse than Nero; inasmuch as that monster had once so much good nature—or, at least, assumed it—that when he was to sign a warrant for the execution of a malefactor, he is said to have wished that he had never learnt to write.

Jeffreys, on the other hand, at such a time seemed to be in his element, having a passion for destruction and murder. As to his religion—his past life sufficiently tells us its nature, though he and his good brother Commissioner, the Balswagger of Chester, maliciously persuaded the world that they were of the Church of England.

REPLIES TO QUERIES

S. BANKES.—(1) Hannah Dobbs was tried in 1879. She wrote a special account of the "Euston Square Mystery." (2) Miss Harker it was thought.

THE KNOW ALL.—You say your grandfather was hanged for murder. Thanks for offer to supply details. We have them all; portrait might be useful.

MOUNTAIN CHIEF.—We cannot supply an account of the murder you mention. The party involved was acquitted, and it would not do to rake up the ashes of a very lurid past.

SHOTOVER.—Marwood was cheered by the crowd in 1878 after he had hanged Garcia, a Spanish tramp, who murdered a whole family and set fire to the house at Llangibby, Wales.

MOUSTACHE.
A Beautiful MOUSTACHE grows in a few days when using **Dalmet's Pomatum.** Tried, approved; recommended to all. Send **6d.** in stamps for a box to Mr. T. DALMET, 42, Gray's Inn Road, London.

DAINTY NOVELS
ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

Printed and Published by HAROLD FURNISS, at Caxton House, Gough Square, Fleet Street, London.
Sole Agents for the Colonies—GORDON & GOTCH, London; Melbourne; Sydney; Brisbane; Perth, W.A.; Wellington, N.Z.; Christchurch, N.Z.; Cape Town & Durban, S.A.